

# CINEMA

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# Papers

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WITH  
LOVE

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DIRECTORS TALK  
Daigian, Miller, Jarmusch

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## KEITH GOW

*The obituary of Keith Gow in the Sydney Morning Herald in November described him as a "connoisseur with a conscience". He died on 2 November 1987 aged 68. His life leads us to recall a unique life's work and a deeply significant contribution to Australian documentary.*

Keith contributed to the making of more than 30 Australian films — among the documentaries were many dramatic works. His prolific output as writer, director and editor was evident from the 34 films he completed in his last ten years at Film Australia prior to his retirement. One, *The Women Of Orpheus*, which received standing ovations at the Moscow Film Festival in 1985, was consistently broadcast on SBS on 10 November, the night of his funeral in Sydney.

He'll be remembered constantly for his dry good humour and his determination. Some will recall his incredible recovery after he was hit by a light aircraft which suddenly dipped during take off as he was taking it on location in New Guinea.

Others will remember him from his time as *Commentator*, the *Amplified Film Unit*, the *ABC*, or as senior cameraman and director at Film Australia. Everyone who knows his work recognises the foregrounding of a social perspective and those who have worked with him remember in particular the co-operative spirit which ran through his life and work.

During his career at Film Australia he contributed directly or indirectly to such union training courses through work for the Trade Union Training Authority (TUTA), while his film on the introduction of colour, *Now You're Talking*, in the Film Australia series on Australian cinema history, is probably better known in general audiences.

Of particular significance for filmmakers of the future, and for the labour movement too, was Keith's role in the establishment and working of the *Workers' Workers' Federation* (WWF) Film Unit during the height of the cold war, when particular Australian filmmakers and writers were blacklisted here as effectively as they were in the US. Keith's work went on when others could not because, as he put it, "We were protected by a strong, militant trade union."

He helped set up the film unit inside the WWF following the establishment of a *Workers' Industries Theatre* and the production of a *Movie* trailer to promote its first production.

During the late 1980s he was introduced to the hand used *Baker by Bob Martin* when they made *They Chase Peace*. During this period he



KEITH GOW. At work at Film Australia with Margot Nash (parent) and John Whitman (journalist).

like many others, was influenced by an "oppositional" cinema from Eastern Europe, described to us in a paper public through the new film societies which sought to provide an alternative to the commercial American cinema. Friends recall Keith studying these films frame by frame, on by one, seeking out "what it was that made them work."

In the mid-fifties Keith, with Norma Daker, made the beautifully evocative short film, *The Porcelain Lure*, commemorating the Sydney campaign against the dock workers imposed on Baker and Ethel Rosenberg in the US.

The classic body of trade union work, which begins with *Peasants For Veterans* and includes *Hungry Miles*, *There's A Crowd*, *Women Of Coal* and other trade union films, will be remembered for a clear commitment to the interests of working people and a vigorous and convincing craft.

Controversy frequently surrounded projects in which he was involved; he didn't shun political responses to political conferences and conspiracy which sought to silence his work.

After retiring from Film Australia a couple of years ago he kept on working. At the time of his death he was engaged on a film history of the *Workers' Workers' Federation*.

His work represents something which we can easily forget. There is a generation of commercial Australian documentary which precedes that of the 1980s. Keith Gow was a filmmaker who continued to work through difficult and often, with a commitment to civil change and a firm grasp on his documentary method. We are in debt to his experience.

John Hughes

■ AFI Distribution Limited has begun actively marketing the Australian Film, Television & Radio School's student films. The AFI has a licence for all APTV student productions, but 44 of the "unscripted, first-run film" have been set aside for special promotion to Collection Films.

■ The winners of our Warren Healy competition, who will receive a copy of the Great Australian Biography, *Warren Healy: A Life And A Story*, courtesy of Heinemann, are: C.W. Lee, B. Ross, M.C. Ames, Martin Ryan, Graham Craig and Malcolm Gray. The film to which Healy appeared with Anna Selberg was, of course, *Edith*, directed by Robert Roman.

■ The names of artists on glamour will now appear in the March issue.

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FEBRUARY 12-23, 1988

# FROM RUSSIA WITH GLASNOST

Soviet films like *Letters Of A Dead Man* and *Repentance* are being hailed as examples of a new cinema of glasnost. IRENE ULMAN looks at the themes that are emerging in recent Soviet cinema, in particular the epic *Repentance*, a prizewinner at the 1987 Cannes Film Festival.

**I**n the changing climate in the Soviet Union, cinema has been rapidly acquiring an unprecedented role. The realisation that repressed speech is a major source of imagination has opened up possibilities of expression that stunned the Soviet Union. Russian critics have claimed that cinema turned out to be better prepared for change than any other sphere of the arts. If cinema is indeed the vanguard of the social and cultural change in the country it's partly because it is, in a sense, the voice of *glasnost*. The etymological root of *glasnost* (*glas*) means voice. Cinema speaks to millions.

Some films have only recently come off the shelf after years of oblivion. Among them are *Repentance* (directed by Tengiz Abuladze in 1983), *My Friend Ivan Lapshin* (Alexei Gherman, 1983) and *The Theme* (Gleb Panfilov, 1978). The release of these films coincides with the moment when people are coming to terms with their problematic history, and grappling with such concepts as individual conscience and guilt. In this atmosphere *Repentance* has acquired the status of a modern epic.

In a television interview Gleb Panfilov has said that there's always a possibility that *glasnost* might fail. Although hope and enthusiasm abound, some directors who have experienced direct repression will take a while to believe that they can make films without fear.

Panfilov's *Theme* self-consciously breaks into forbidden ground. A successful playwright faces the fact that none of his writing has been shown; that his subjects serve to glorify national heroes and are of no importance in real life. He searches for a new theme but is unable to go beyond the "art" of unshared myth-making. The "problem" subject, a man migrating to Israel, is introduced elegantly. The gradual build-up of detail is a nice rendering of a taboo (self-censorship and artistic clichés are sometimes hard to distinguish).

The conscious preoccupation with theme is echoed in

*Foxtrot* (directed by Vladimir Vashiev and Boris Yermolov, 1985) which opened the Soviet film festival in Australia in May 1987. The central character is a prima ballerina (Yekaterina Mazurkova), a symbol of the institutionalised world of classical dance. Her dream is to dance in a new ballet based on Mikhail Bulgakov's *Master And Margarita*. At an executive meeting an administrator comments wryly on the ballet: "Yes, but what about the theme?" Films like *The Theme* and *Foxtrot* register a turning point: a change of canon and a disturbance of convention have become possible. Action may be imbued with personal meaning and officially sanctioned truths may be open to personal interpretation.

Alexei Gherman's *My Friend Ivan Lapshin* is a highly personal view of life in the 1930s. Partly based on a short story by Yur Gherman, the director's father, it is a nostalgic depiction of Russia before the climax of Stalin's purges of 1937. But if Gherman the father wrote his stories in the spirit of optimism and belief in the Bright Future, Gherman the son has the knowledge of history which is superimposed on the original perspective of the story.

Ivan Lapshin, the inspector of criminal police, vows to clean up the country and plant gardens for all to enjoy. His determination is characteristic of the society that cultivates patriotic enthusiasm. But we know that Lapshin's professional zeal and unscrupulous exercise of power for the good of the country are a prelude to a reign of terror.

The Russian scholar Dmitry Likhachev (who has proclaimed that repentance is the dominant force of change in Russia today) said that no individual can be altogether innocent of what went on during Stalin's rule. The people in the film are ignorant of the "greater history". But in the 1980s Gherman cannot make Lapshin's party credible without moving the action back a few years.





REPORTAGE

This small poetic screen underscores the moral issue that confronts a director who may simply want to make an autobiographical film. To Gherman the 1980s represent his childhood. But the act of bringing together history and personal memory can turn a tribute to the people he loves into an accusation.

*Lapshe* is a lovingly faithful document. Gherman looks for the essence of the period and finds it in his own memories in small accidents, in background dialogue, snippets of conversation. Music, mostly marches, recreates the spirit of the time. The film is in black and white, except for the opening and closing moments, when the narrator's voice reminds us that what we're seeing is a memory, the grain we are looking at through the window exists in another temporal dimension.

There is no defined narrative, the most important thing to Gherman is atmosphere and characterization. Even Lapshe himself is a fine illustration of human complexity, eluding definition. The camera follows him like an eye. The observer is probably the boy (Gherman's autobiographical self and the viewer's link with the present) who lives side by side with Lapshe in a communal flat. A peculiar feeling of intimacy develops between the viewer and Lapshe. Lapshe may not be liked, but there is a sense of a deeper understanding of the man and his time.

When Gherman was asked whether he would consider making a film about the present, his answer was: "I would first have to make sure that contemporary problems can be talked about our land."

Gherman's film about the thirties is in some respects strikingly similar to Vadim Abdrashitov's *Phantom*, or *The Dangerous Game* (1986). *Phantom* is an example of a new kind of direction which is collected in its clearly defined narrative. It does not look to the past in order to comment on the present. It is set in today's Russia. The hero, or rather the anti-hero, is a 14-year-old schoolboy who possesses exceptional qualities: a devout enthusiasm for the country of vagabonds, delinquents and petty criminals, as well as a peculiar physical condition. He finds no pain. His name is Ruslan Chutko (an evocative name to the Russian ear: Ruslan sounds like Russia). Chutko has something to do with both sensitivity and vigilance. The nickname he has thought up for himself is *Phantom* (the lead, the moral. He proves so useful to the criminal police that they use him in their clean-up campaigns).

It's a fine line between life and play and between role-playing and real drama. In a scene bordering on grim comedy (many scenes do) Ruslan catches his father doing a bit of smuggling as a hobby, and films a statement on him. The father tells the boy that power combined with moral maturity is dangerous (the only overt moral statement in the film), and *Phantom* does indeed end tragically — and unexpectedly.

The film is well-paced, the plot is tight. But the message is unclear. Ruslan's boyish features can be both appealing and repellent. Mostly they're unappealing. By making the audience question an emotional response to the boy's crimes while intellectually acknowledging that he is a moral cripple, Abdrashitov forces us to discover in ourselves a soft spot for a charismatic teenager.

*Letter Of A Dead Man*, Konstantin Lapushchinsky's first film (1986), has probably the most chances of addressing the Western audiences directly, without having to break through a number of cultural and historical barriers. It goes right beyond the problems of peace and generation. History has come to an end in the aftermath of a nuclear disaster, but an elderly scientist (living in an underground shelter with his dying wife and a group of colleagues) writes letters to his son whom he



REPENTANCE: Katerina Abaladev and Colsher Georgheanu

4 knows to be dead, trying to pretend touchingly and absurdly that life is going on.

The film contrasts world views and philosophies while depicting various reactions to the catastrophic. It has the clarity of an anthology of human thought. At this final stage of civilization science and religion meet as the professor insists he is close to finding the scientific formula that can save the world. He is brilliantly played by actor and director Robin Bekov, who has a strong resemblance to Einstein. When everyone is moved to the "central bunker" where there is a chance to stay alive longer, the professor chooses to remain behind with a group of orphaned children who have been left out of the general evacuation. Whether he retains his theory of survival through hope is not clear. But just before dying he bids the children to go out of the bunker into the open and to keep on walking, no matter what. The last unforgettable image shows the children walking in a single file through the poisoned snowstorm, holding on to each other.

Lopushansky was Turkovsky's assistant director in *Snakher*, but while *Lettere* echoes Turkovsky's film, it has its own style. Its medium is not dreams but science fantasy. The co-writer of the script is Boris Strugatsky

who has written popular science fiction together with his brother Arkady Strugatsky (Turkovsky's scriptwriter in *Snakher*). Turkovsky used black and white dream sequences as images of apocalyptic predictions. *Lettere* is totally enveloped in these gloomy washed-out tones. Destruction is no longer a mere threat. But in spite of this, the children's dance of death in the end is not entirely devoid of hope.

## REPENTANCE

*Repentance* has been hailed as an expose of Stalinsm. But director Tengiz Abuladze's preoccupation with a phenomenon called "Vartianism" goes far beyond one particular personality cult. Stalin was exposed once before, but was subsequently buried in a historically sealed box, while the empire modified in his image continued to exist. In *Repentance*, a woman digs out the body of the tyrant Vartian Amasidze who had killed her parents, along with masses of people, many years before. In court she claims that Vartian will remain alive until he is executed. Her words seem absurd only because she does not spell out the obvious. But an incomplete statement is all it takes to create a metaphor.

For Abuladze, metaphor and reality are not that different. The preposterous sight of a dictator's corpse rising up in front of his family mansion belongs in the realm of the absurd. But the act of disinterment is based on a real event, as is the story of a woman who lost her family in Stalin's purges and later earned her living by being a coken. Knowing this makes it easier to see that *Repentance* reveals documented reality in a poetic form. If it seems obscure, it is so only insofar as poetry is.

The film opens as the woman, Katerina Barashvili, lovingly adds fading touches to one of her coken made in the shape of a church. A visitor informs her that Vartian, head of the city, a good leader and a man of goodness, has died. She looks at the black-bordered newspaper photo, the camera zooms in on it and we are now looking at the dead man lying in state, surrounded by flowers and a company of mourners. The opening provides a kind of frame: we will return to the coken-filled room. The action mostly takes place in court where Katerina is tried, but in fact we are carried away by a flashback as she begins to narrate the story of her previous crimes. The story is about a dictator who likes playing games: one of them is his cat and mouse game with Sandro Barashvili, an artist lobbying to preserve the town's 18th century church.

The opposition between Vartian and Sandro is established in a feat of cinematic storytelling. There is a cheerful street scene, reminiscent of Fellini's small-town comedies. There is a burning effigy; onlookers stand around, a march is playing. A detached demagogue is making an enthusiastic speech, but emits no intelligible sound. Vartian has not yet made his mark and his words are unimportant. What's much more fun to watch is the battle between a couple of plumbers and a broken pipe which is showering everyone present with water. Umbrellas open, but the effect of rain just adds to the festive animation. The camera freely moves from one detail of the scene to another, until a small event takes place.

From the spectacle in the street a young girl blows soap bubbles from an open window. It's the eight-year-old Katerina Barashvili. Her parents join her. Her father firmly shuts the window. The three remain close, but the affair has not escaped Vartian. His spectacles are aglare as he looks in their direction. The glance will follow the Barashvili like a curse.

Abuladze's images invite strong reactions. Sandro is unequivocally a Christ figure. As a painter he represents tradition in the form of both religion and art. He also

REPENTANCE: Sandro Minichadze



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LETTERS OF A DEAD MAN (Robert Taylor joining)

◀ stands for integrity. In a sense, by refusing to dance to Varlam's tune he sacrifices both himself and the church he is trying to save. Kateran's comic churches are a reminder that human constructions, even sacred ones, are less important than spiritual integrity. (Similarly, in Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice* a little boy makes a protest for his father: a small replica of their house. The next day the father destroys the real house. Is it because he doesn't want his son to inherit the compromises he has had to make?)

On the other side of the spectrum, Varlam stands for the death of the individual and culture. He recognizes only the kind of history that marches on in a straight line, refusing to acknowledge the ancient symbols that provide humanity with constant points of reference.

Abuladze makes full use of these symbols. He blends history and myth, which does not mean that he mystifies. His use of universally recognized signs has the effect of defusing archetypes stripped of particular historical specificity. In this way he exposes the myth that there exists a qualitative difference between one dictatorship and another. In many ways *Repentance* is similar to some South American films, particularly in its tendency towards the surreal. It's not just a question of satire, which is a form of criticism. It's a more subversive kind of laughter. As a Soviet critic put it, it's a question of politicization. *Repentance* has to match the scale of the thing it opposes, yet one of the weapons it uses is a practical joke (and the joker's weapon is a humble spade).

This surreal-satirical freedom of expression applies to Abuladze's generous use of symbolism. We must not forget that all these things were excluded from the Soviet worldview for a long time. The system was supposed to be complete in itself, its ideological borders marking the boundaries of possibility. Abuladze does in film what Mikhail Bulgakov did in literature, revealing other points of reference and other worlds. Usually this was done only in the guise of children's literature or science fiction.

Similarly, *Abuladze* invokes images from other films. There are glimpses of Chaplin's *Great Dictator*, Fellini is a frequent presence (in the circus music leitmotif, among other things). In one scene, the dying Varlam wants to shoot the man because, he says, "when it rains I bleed to death." He then falls asleep on bare ground dressed in a sack, as archetypal destitute king. One thinks of both Lear and Kurosawa at the same time.

The numerous references do not diminish the originality of the film. For the Western audience, captivately, it offers the additional pleasure of recognition.

The film is so visually striking that the often clear moral overtones never become the primary concern. One of the most memorable sequences is Nana Rusadze's dream. She and Sandro are running, followed by Varlam in an open car, his armed soldiers coming from all directions. They run through abandoned streets, through long flooded corridors and out into an open field. There they stop, buried in earth up to their necks. Varlam is there too. Standing in the car, his black uniformed figure cut against the pouring blue sky, he looks down on them and then suddenly, with perfectly oval timing, he breaks into a bombastic Vostok aria. Nana wakes up to a reality that is an extension of her nightmare. Dreams are not mere asides in *Repentance*.

In Kateran's story Varlam looms large as the central figure of evil. But when the flashback is over and we are back in the courtroom, we realize that Varlam himself is no longer the issue. He has passed the legacy of his crimes on to his son Abel and his unsuspecting grandson, and what's at stake is whether they accept or reject it.

In Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice*, a boy runs throughout the film says, "In the beginning was the word. Why is this, Papa?" His father is not there to answer. If he were, all he may be able to communicate is his enormous confusion and an undefined sense of guilt. It appears that the older generation has committed some kind of sin and is no longer eligible to teach the young. In *Repentance* too, sons reject their fathers. Is this not the ultimate violation of natural order? But in both *Sacrifice* and *Repentance* the violation has a cathartic function: it liberates.

The film ends with a question mark that complicates the moral fable, making it soberingly real in the Soviet context. It encapsulates the moment where slams is on the verge of being broken. But in the end, Abuladze refuses to point out a direction. He chooses the static structure of an allegorical dream where fantasy is used to extend the possibilities of the real. The question Abuladze settles on is also a recurrent image in *Repentance*: an open window, be it into the past or onto other dimensions.

*Repentance* ends with the image of an open window in Varlam Street with a view onto the winding road that used to lead to a church. The question is, where does it lead to now?

#### REPENTANCE MIRA Mikhelidze



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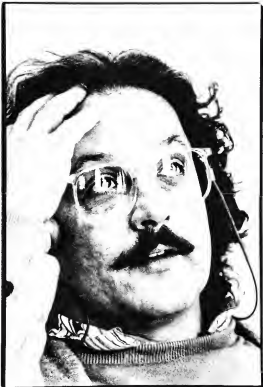


Photo: Michael

# MILLER'S TALE

GEORGE MILLER IS AS ELOQUENT  
IN CONVERSATION AS HE IS ON FILM.  
HE TALKS TO TOM RYAN.

George Miller speaks metaphorically about his films, even if he'd prefer to remain silent on the subject. "I truly hate doing interviews, especially the short ones. You never have time to think seriously about the questions or your answers and, as a result, you find yourself saying things you don't really mean at all. And, besides, a movie finally isn't an intellectual process. It's the variety of emotional levels on which it's working that have to really matter to you. And there I don't think that you're dealing with the rational. I know that's anti-critic, because critics rely on being able to explain things. But it's the emotion that's really in control and many critics can't touch that part of it."

Of primary importance to Miller is that his audience should be swept along by the kinetic flow of his images and by the story that emerges from them. "Right from the start, even going back beyond the planning of *Mad Max*, I've been in love with the actual plastic form of film. For me, the great master of film was Buster Keaton, and through him I've learned that film can be like visual music. He only had the silent medium, but he understood how images could be manipulated. And so, when we came to *Mad Max*, the first thing that Byron Kennedy and I wanted to do was a chase film. We got a lot from action comedies like *Delicious Up Baby* and *When's Up, Doc?* but Keaton was the major source of inspiration for us."

Miller's future films to date — *Mad Max* (1979), *Mad Max 2* (1981), the fourth segment of *Twilight Zone* — *The Movie*, called "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" (1983), *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* (1985), co-directed with George Ogilvie, and *The Witches of Eastwick* (1987) — all explode with the violent dissonance of their making and their matter. Their roots can be found in the slapstick tradition, but their visual force grows from the kind of filmmaking that has become known as "exploitation." All of them, to varying degrees, conjure up desperate circumstances that challenge the security and the sanity of their male protagonists, driving them to the edge of madness and sometimes beyond. The worlds that the films create are certainly larger than life, but the dramas they offer center upon a question that transports their "fantastic" qualities back to the everyday: on what terms can I survive to see tomorrow?

The films have won wide critical admiration and popular endorsement, but there are some who have been less than enthusiastic about their success. Philip Adams, Max Harris and a number of others have taken Miller's films to task for what they perceive as mayhem and mindlessness, discovering a failure of taste and morality instead of a joyous plunge into the realm of the comic strip. Perhaps this is inevitable, given the way in which the films refuse to distance themselves from the frenetic excitement of the action that is either visible or, as is more often the case, felt in them.

Miller's response to the hysteria is surprisingly restrained: "It's not naive enough to think that, if you have fairly combustible material, it's not going to produce a mixed response. I was, in fact, surprised how, in Japan and Europe, and particularly in France, the 'Mad Max' films acquired something of the status of high art. We had less lofty ambitions, but that the films have attained some critical approval is nice. >

Of course, there are always going to be people who'll see the film as simply an exploitation, in the hands of films that maybe shouldn't be made. On my wall at home, I have a poster of *Mad Max* by an Indian artist who says, "The preparation of this film should be taken out into the street and hung."

This review clearly caught Miller's attention, but he is more interested in the kind of analysis of his work that goes beyond what he sees as "the primary level": "When you prepare a film, you talk about its ideas. You find your intention. Then, occasionally, someone comes along and interprets the kind of consciousness you had in the planning of the film. It's happened to me a number of times. It's like someone has had access to your dreams. The French critics are good at this and their work on the last two 'Mad Max' films has been really interesting. I read a review of *Mad Max* in 'The Globe And Mail' in Toronto and that seemed to get onto it too."

But *The Witches Of Diamond* has also sustained the divided response to Miller's films. An immensely comic Daryl Van Harten has replaced the warring Max and the last episode is far from New England's rather dense winter land Australia, but questions of nature and culture continue to loom much of the discussion of Miller's films. And, indeed, Miller concedes that the elaborate special effects do run the risk of overwhelming the more interesting aspects of *The Witches Of Diamond*: "They became my biggest bore. As the studio got more nervous about what we were doing — and it ran underground their nervousness — they kept giving us more and more money for special effects. And I realize that it was a bit of a nuclear. I really took the last and had some wonderful fun with it, suddenly I realized I had a battle on my hands, that this shouldn't finish up a special effects movie. And so I had to fight to cut out as much of them as I could. I would love to have been able to cut out more, because I do think they're terrible." When we had the first test screenings, I knew that the studio expected the audience to reject all the talky bits and leave the action stuff. But the reviews happened and that helped me, to a degree, in my battle to eliminate the effects that were irrelevant."

Miller does not, however, include the incoherent cherry vomiting parade amongst the effects that he fought to remove: "That was something I wanted to do and it was there from the start. And certainly, it was disruptive ground. One of the things that you try to do in cinema, is distance from television, is take your audience into the experience that your effects, the characters, are going through. It's like my fight simulator theory of the cinema for the audience, it's like sitting down and being swept along on some sort of ride, like in *Exorcism*. When you're dealing with vomiting, though, you're dealing with a very sticky physiological reflex. It can be reduced simply by making someone else do it and that's the way of protecting how an audience is going to respond. People have different thresholds for that sort of thing. In fact, we had more vomiting in the movie, but very quickly we saw that it was being rejected. So we toned it down. But it is essential to the level of success which is part of the humorous



MAX EN FRANCE: French posters for the first two Mad Max movies

side on which the drama sits. It was meant to be serious. John Williams' technique made seriously wrong, so to use it like this. And since, as a narrative obligation, we had to get out of the Police scenario, I think it was an interesting and logical way to do it. I guess it's easier to do it in a more Python kind of context."

Yet, despite the film's exposure to the extensive "testing" procedures that have always dominated Hollywood's pitches to its audience, Miller remained uncertain of the kind of response that it would receive on its release: "We didn't think of it as a mainstream summer American movie ... except that it has Jack Nicholson, Cibo, and so embarrassingly large budget [which I stopped meeting at \$30 million, most of which was above the head. But it did come out in the summer and it has been successful. I think that maybe the audience is getting more sophisticated as we baby boomers are getting older and it's fed up with the bubble gum it's been getting for so long. *Witches* is essentially an ironic take and the positive reaction I got surprised me because I think that the Americans have very little sense of irony. In fact, that terrified both me and the writer, Michael Crichton. We have a much more developed sense of irony in Australia, even if some of the local reviews missed that aspect of the film. They saw it how the Western people run it. They knew it was supposed to be funny, but they wanted it to be like *The Exorcist* or *Alien*."

Nevertheless, it could be said that what is interesting about *The Exorcist* and *Alien* is not the special effects but the family dramas that are being played out through them and which are responsible for the place both films occupy in contemporary mythology. In the same way, it can also be said that what is at stake in *The Witches Of Diamond* is not so far from its surface: "When I found compelling about Michael's screenplay was the undercurrent, the subconscious material. In preparing the film, we went to Geoffrey Russell Thomson, a professor of history at the University of California in Santa Barbara. He's a medievalist who's written four volumes on how the devil has appeared in various cultures. We went back to the pre-Christian era where, every winter, the satyr of Pan figure would visit the Mother Goddess. He was always a loose god, even though he was a well-meaning fellow. His problem was that he was a compulsive and indiscriminate seducer, declaring his undying love in the same tone as he was a scoldish fart. He'd seduce everyone, and then, almost on their whim, the Mother Goddess would send him away. When he was gone the spring would come and his seed would grow flowers. As Christianity emerged and became very male-dominated, at the same time as it needed to suppress the Mother Goddess it also needed that satyr, this sexual creature, who is figure of great terror. They made him into a dark figure with horns and horns too. Later, especially during the French Revolution, a lot of lecherous and some of the deities transformed the Christian devil, Satan, into a kind of cultural hero, an anti-monarchist. And then, as resistance grew to the fee and tremulous kind of Puritan that surrounded him, he became that happy figure of the sex with the masculine and the rape. It was Pan's help with the kind of background that led us to reveal the lighter side. We made a very conscious decision to reject the kind of devil they had in *The Exorcist* and to model him on the Pan figure."



WHICH WITCH HAS THE TONY? Michelle Phillips, Cher and Brooke Shields



Miller's fascination with mythology and with the passing down of stories from generation to generation and on to the last has been evident. In *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, it is clear on the surface of the film in Max's survival from the cannibalism by the rule of two children. Through these stories, they teach him of the customs of the life cycle, of the way life runs so hope for the future is undebated in these stories of these past. "They might not do the tell to remember who we was and where we came from."

The film, which ends with the dedication "... to Bruce", is one about which Miller remains passionate. "Of the three 'Mad Max' films, I love it the most. It's flawed, but it's much closer to us than the others. We went to over flowing with ideas at the time that we should had too much. The best sequence, I think, is the one about the children's business. With them, we were really conscious of the different levels on which we were working. We were attempting to really push it out there, and that's why I love it so much."

But there's also the behind the scenes context that was important to Miller. "Even though we shot the film at Crocker Pealy, we had originally planned to use the Olgas. We had a terrific location manager, George Maclean, who was the anti-pole to the Aboriginal side there. Through a breakdown, he told them the story of the film and they got very excited. Many of our single story line motifs were obtained in some of the scenes in their culture. For me, that's also very exciting and I wish I'd been there. It proved what people like Joseph Campbell leave — those things are lurking in our collective unconscious, everywhere, in every culture."

*Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* seems to bring the 'Mad Max' cycle to an end, and, even though Miller is leaving his options open, it is hard to see another 'Mad Max' film going anywhere but backward. "I seem to have spent my life making 'Mad Max' pictures. After the first one, for a long time I never wanted to consider another one because it had been such a debilitating experience. But I did and *Mad Max* I became an attempt to do it right, while *Thunderdome* was an attempt to do something completely different from I and J, with the love, wit, humor, & sensuous character as the only connective tissue. I think that within it we were consciously designed up and on for the character. I should add that we never saw our selves making

up and I see the film as more of a trilogy than anything else. I had endless discussions with Terry Hayes and George Ogilvie and even with Mel about Max doing in the end of *Thunderdome*. Interestingly enough, it didn't quite fit the story. But, in a way, he does do what his part in the story changes, when he loses his power, and, even with him still alive, the story somehow seems finished. Still, that was our feeling when we did the second one. And I suppose that if we came up with something that was really exciting, that was different from the other three, and if we could get the creative juices flowing again, we'd do a fourth. But there are so many different directions we could take at the moment that I can't see it happening."

One of those decisions forced him producing and then working on the occasion for the October release of John Duigan's *The Year My Water Broke*. The film was made for the Sydney-based Kennedy Miller production company formed by Miller and Lynne Kennedy in 1984. It gathered five AFI awards just prior to its release, despite the Screen Production Association claim that it should have been excluded from competition because it was made in a television. Miller is disappointed by what he sees as an unnecessary controversy, even if the storm never really got out of the swamp. "It's true that we approved John's screenplay as part of a package of four films that we're doing as a 'Festival of Australian Films' for the 10 Network for the Bicentenary." But, from the moment, it was recommended mail very much as a feature film. We decided to shoot it in 35mm rather than 16mm and came to an arrangement with Equity and the actors that, if it worked out, it would get theatrical distribution."

He's also concerned to see the record made about his involvement in the film. "For me it was simply a matter of saying to John, 'Oh, yes, that's terrific,' and letting him go off with a wonderful crew to spend five or six weeks in Queensland. What they came back with is something that I wish I'd done, and, finally, I can sleep at night that I do *The Broken Q*."

\*The narrative of this package is: Chris Madden, written by Ben Constant, Richard Maclean and Terry Hayes. Directed by Ben Constant. The *Rolls Of The Screen*, written by Terry Madden, directed by Chris Madden. *The Broken River Story*, on film and directed by John Duigan.

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4. **Enthusiasm** But I'm embarrassed by the suggestion that I had anything significant to do with it because I didn't. . . . unless you count looking at movies as significant. What I do hope, though, is that it's the kind of product that is representative of Kennedy Miller, of the sort of things we do."

It's clear that his partnership with Terry Hayes and Doug Mitchell at Kennedy Miller is not just something that he does to pass the time when he's not working in Hollywood. "It's the ideal filmmaking situation where you work in a truly collaborative way. Doug's background is in business and he's mainly involved in that side of the picture. He's an up-to-date computer systems and that means that we can get the most immediate feedback and adjust in the minute about our production's problems. But even though he'd never let me in on it, Doug had a connection to some real stars. And Terry does just about everything. I think that, in the end, it's a miracle for anyone to become expert at one thing to the exclusion of the others. You become unable to recognize the broad evolution of a process. The thing that makes me distinguish American filmmaking from American studio filmmaking, and that I'd like to distinguish Kennedy Miller, is that we're all multi-disciplined filmmakers."

Miller, in fact, finds his work at Kennedy Miller a liberation from the hard labor of directing. "It's much more fulfilling. Sometimes, it's just a matter of watching what's happening, though you can also get intimately involved. On Paul Verhoeven's film, *Glenn Carter*, I helped out and had a great time doing some second-unit work. It's a wonderful life, second-unit—you have a small handful size of people who really pride themselves on doing men's work and you have time to pull off some specific shots. And the funny thing is that you find yourself over-covering at odds to please the director, helping on every word he says and desperately making his approval."

But Hollywood, on the other hand, has not been a particularly happy experience for Miller, even though he recognizes that he's learned from it. "It's essentially a specialized bureaucracy there. It's a very fragmented, clumsy machine. That's its organic approach. I think that's why, by and large, the most interesting film made in America in the last decade or so is always independent, or at least made outside this main American Hollywood. Unless someone is an extraordinarily brilliant executive, like a Taubman, the kind who only comes around very rarely, they're just not big enough or brilliant enough to handle the system. I think that, now, the studios would prefer not to make films, though they love distributing them. That gives them some guarantee of fiscal control. Producers in very mysterious and mysterious to them and that's why they resist in very silly ways sometimes."

Miller recalls that he approached *The Whicker of Kenneth Miller* as a director. "I went from *Twilight Zone*, which was wonderfully collaborative, terrific fun and very relaxed and open because of Spielberg and the people he has around him, in *Twister* and in two producers and company studio executives who know little more than fragments of the picture. It was almost shocking, in fact, to find how little they knew. And it all became very political, which makes the fun out of filmmaking. The story is that both films were for the same studio. Walter Rees. The major difference, of course, was the production team. In order to get what you need, you have to spit the dialogue, as they say. You can't be collaborative. The most efficient way to work in *Twister* is to fall into the orbit of the executive, unopposed and best. I remember Jack Nicholson took me by the hand early on and said, 'You've got to hold them in contempt, George, or they won't respect you.' It's a very common experience. Roger Dornheim and after *My Way Guy*. 'You know, they make problems for weakness, and if you try to be collaborative it opens the floodgates.' The only way to cope in it is to be a real bastard. I've seen that applied in more bureaucracies, but it's not a way to make films. Filmmaking has to be tough, otherwise you're not doing it right. But it doesn't mean it can't have an exhilaration and dignity."

I was wondering off about the Hollywood problem during the *Whicker* sound men, and Jerry Stanford, a wonderful sound editor who we both on most of Prodigal's films, said, 'No one that your wife doesn't desert your filmmaking.' He held the view that Prodigal's rebelliousness got to the point where he took on film engineers simply to screw them and destroyed himself in the process."

It's severely surprising that Miller is full of admiration for those who've

been able to make their way successfully through the mine. "The film-makers who can work the system and those who started off in the film schools, especially those of the unofficial kind, like the Cinema course. When you worked for Roger Cornum, you had to do everything, literally everything. One of the most important filmmakers I've met in America is Ron Davidson. He worked on *Twilight Zone*, *Alphaville*, *Snake Cop*. . . . He started off in publicity for Cornum and learned his way along to become one of the great hands-on line producers. He's truly a filmmaker, as distinct from being simply a director or a producer or an executive producer or any of the various kinds who always seem to be added to a film. Maybe he can't change the system any more than David Patinkin could—it's changes only by dint of economic forces—but he knows how to use it to his advantage."

But Davidson's not the only one who's won respect from Miller for the way he's been able to survive the Hollywood nightmare. Jack Nicholson stands out for him, not only as the one who mediated on the set of *The Whicker of Kenneth Miller* when the going got tough—Miller, in his longer way, thus really ends saying much about the respect and respect from him and Chas—but also as a deeply committed filmmaker. "He sees his job as getting the film made. You know, sometimes he was one of the biggest surprises I've had in my life because I did not see a real director going in. I'd expected an actor, flamboyant, brilliant actor, dragged to the pit, hellbent, and basically a floundering man. It was startling how much he was the opposite. He is very fastidious, but when struck on was his calm and humor. He has a great wisdom and life's anything but frivolous for him. Behind the scenes of him, there's this 'I've better make a decision about what life's about and what your place is in it' about him. He cherishes the adventure, it informs his work. And, unlike many of his contemporaries, as he gets older, he gets more fervent and passionate. There's no occasion at all. He's a gift for a director to work with, such a wonderful acting machine. He acquiesces his working methods most closely with those of the studio—but there's all this joy of making it at the moment of the event where there's nothing but his performance, where everything is his person and you 'let it be', where you become entirely free, open, unswayed. He understands that this can only be earned by all the hard work that comes before, and when he succeeds it's never by accident. He may not always be what Guy Luginan, the champion American actor, calls 'the sweet spot', but he's what Luginan sees in the real champion: the one who can just make the spot, but who's able to recover and turn the spot over in a perfect performance."

The opportunity to work with people like Nicholson was able Miller back into the mainstream again. The dream of what could be vibrant in alternative one for him. But, somewhat unexpectedly for him, he ended by the possibilities of what you can do on the big screen. Miller is enthusiastic about television. "Before I started work on *The Whicker*, I was one of those ultra paranoiac, narrow minded people. If you really wanted to be serious, you had to do feature films. But when I discovered what television, for all its small limitations, is what the most interesting show was to the something like *Max Headroom*, which was an American ABC prime-time network television experiment, makes the point. Even though it failed, at least they tried. It's rare to find a feature film doing things like that. But because it's so competitive on television, they're forced to make it interesting. You talk in network executives as the States, and they'll be saying, 'We don't want these lackluster ideas, bring us something exciting and new.' You talk to the studio people and they say, 'Oh, it's a bit dangerous to make a feature film like that now. Give us the background ideas, the safer the better.' And if you look at American series and televisions, at least until recently, you'll see that they're crowded just about every social alternative to cinema that you can think of. This 'no one' television has been ignored in by shows like *Will Street* and *St. Elsewhere*. It's often very informative and sometimes very powerful and it's successful on principle. Yet so-one on earth would be to see a movie like *Something About America* or a *Scarier* movie, unless it had something else to it. I took Ted Demme from *Cher* and made him a child molester. In my view at least, television leads most to the kind of work and to the kind of documentary journalism that goes with it, though there should be no limit and his rules. Movie-making seems to be different in style, more aimed to feeling. Film is the light situation, in the dark, public-facing palace, and television is now like a window through which you watch movies would from your safe home environment. And while the form is most exciting in the cinema, and even though you can't write your audience into an all-consuming experience on television, the new subject matter there is more interesting. It's like spying over your neighbor's fence at another life."

Miller's forthcoming release is written by Terry Hayes and is based on Charles Williams' novel of the same name which was the source for *Glenn Carter* (scheduled for 1994). The Group



# JOHN DUIGAN'S MORAL TALES

**I**n the early 1970s Dennis Hooper co-wrote and directed a "spectacular failure" called *The Last Movie*. "The thought was," he said in a recent interview, "to deliberately alienate the audience, tell them they're alone sitting there watching a movie. Every time I got there involved in the movie as a story, I'd come back and say, 'Ha. Ha. Ha. You're only watching a movie.'"<sup>1</sup>

While *The Last Movie* died the death of many a radical venture, Hooper lingered on, picking up some 16 years later right where he left off. And to judge by his recent success, the time is finally ripe for black humor and audience alienation, for self-conscious, anti-romantic filmmaking.

But not everyone likes the kind of movies with which Hooper is associated, movies which are frankly decadent, not in the luxurious manner of Ken

Russell, but in a gritty, post-apocalyptic, distastefully American way. To some people's way of thinking, the plasticities of Fock and Frank, or the best of American neo-goths, is just plain ugly, not to mention weird.

John Duigan, whose recent film, *The Year My Voice Broke*, closed up at the AFI awards, is one with serious doubts about the "almost universal stance" of some of the year's most controversial films.

"It's pushed to the point where they're doubting their sense of an audience's moral response to the material," he tells me. "They're saying, 'If you start judging this material, if you feel squeamish about it or awkward in the face of it, that's your limitation, that's your problem.' I'm thinking of a film like *River's Edge* and also *After Hours*, but particularly *River's Edge*."

*River's Edge*, like *The Year My Voice Broke*, is a film

John Duigan's *The Year My Voice Broke* took out the major honors at the 1987 AFI Awards. CHRISTINA THOMPSON talked to him about nostalgia, adolescence and amorality.

about adolescence—but there the resemblance ends. In all other respects the two films could not be more dissimilar, and Dugas makes no secret of his belief that the similarity of *River's Edge* is more akin to insanity.

"It appears, on the surface, that it's wanting to make a critique of American society, or certain aspects of American society, saying, 'It's come to this, it's totally amoral, people are finding nothing to value at all.' But there it seems to me to depart from that and start to wallow in this perception," he says.

"I think that there are some very unpleasant aspects of this film, like the way the camera seems constantly to stare and linger over the body of the dead girl. And there is a very definitely sad note that the filmmaker drives back when there is any possibility of warmth between some of the characters. That suggests to me an extremely cynical and almost despairing view of the world."

Before he became a filmmaker, John Dugas did a Master's degree in philosophy at Melbourne University. Not surprisingly interested in the philosophy department's strong anti, logical positivism, he shared the desire of the course to start his own classes in continental philosophy and, above all, ethics. His preoccupations with the latter is, he concedes, evident in his films.



Leanne Carmen

In a 1978 interview Dugas said of *Mean Streets*, "I initially hope people will perceive the optimism which is crucial to the film. I wanted to get a lot of warmth between the characters." He was wrong, he said, "as was the fairly well-known substance in the experiences of four sympathetic characters."<sup>11</sup> Now years, five movies and a marriage later, that words describe quite accurately what Dugas is up to in *The Year My Fairy Drove*.

Fifteen-year-old Danny (Noah Taylor) is in love with 15-year-old Freya (Leanne Carmen). But Freya is in love with 16-year-old Trevor (Tim Minchin). Danny and Freya have been friends since childhood and, sympathetic to the experiences of his adolescence, tries to knock him back down. Trevor, for his part, has a hero's natural inclination to defend the underdog and, despite the tough guy facade, he's not capable of sympathy for the competitors.

Like the plot, the "friendship dynamic" is archetypal. "On the one hand you've got the character of Danny who's the natural observer of the world, who seems on the fringe, who is interested in school because he's different. It's like poetry, it's speculation about hypocrisy and ideology, and all these sorts of things, but he's a very critical character," explains Dugas.

"And on the other extreme there's Trevor who's a much more dynamic, spontaneous, wild character who has been badly treated and doesn't think about what he's doing philosophically or analyze it at all." Freya, he concludes, is "somewhere between the two, finding both men interesting for completely different reasons, for one personality having certain similarities to both and wanting her again."

The story, set in the early 1980s, has all the ingredients of a classic

teenage tragedy—adolescent dreams squashed by authority in the form of parents and police, all behind the backdrop of a sorry, narrow-minded country town. I asked Dugas if he didn't think *The Year My Fairy Drove* had too much of a focus with a whole slew of American films from *East Of Eden* and *Rebel Without A Cause* to *The Last Picture Show*.

"I wasn't consciously aware of operating in an American style or genre because I've always felt that my films were closer to European styles of film than American. And in terms of the pacing of a film like this, and in its more gentle atmosphere, it seems to me to be dissimilar to American films that probably have a more restless edge to them."

Dugas isn't got much time for films that are either "hardcore" in tone or "cynical" in motivation. He does not believe in poking fun at his audience, nor in subjecting them to an all out assault on their basic human values, however justified those values may be. Because the fact of the matter is that there are values Dugas shares, that he shares are those of a liberal humanist.

In many ways, Dugas is a traditionalist. Good and Bad in *The Year My Fairy Drove* did not, in a familiar camp. On the one hand there is honesty, clarity, strength of character—and on the other, vulnerability, openness or weakness of spirit. The Good is associated with individuality, the Bad with the traditions of the past.

To highlight the opposition, each of the individuals is cast as an Outcast. Danny's alienation, Trevor's rebelliousness, and Freya's distant parents and unusual behavior, play much of them beyond the pale. Absentism is an operative theme as especially for Danny as it does for, say, David Lynch, but it is something you suffer, not something you inflict.

Dugas says he wanted to examine how people who have not been socialized into society perceive the world. "Because I think that they perceive both the society of which they are so the fringe, and also the world in general quite differently. I think there is a sense in which the characters that Mark and Leanne play have preserved elements of their childhood longer than most people do. That gives them a sort of breadth and, in a curious way, sophistication or complexity in the way that they perceive things that people whose heads are filled with the multi-various aspects of our culture lose."

"Like, I think there are sections of our heads that go to sleep as we become obsessed with the mechanized elements of reality, so for them, they have what could be described as an almost spiritual relationship with their world in particular with the land, the hill, and the houses of trees, and so forth. And this aspect was a very strong moving-off point for me, this area of our reality as so very real."

I think it would be far from unfair to describe Dugas as a romantic, though not perhaps, in the field of Australian filmmaking, quite so recognizable a romantic as Peter Wyer. From some points of view, however, romanticism is utterly inappropriate to the world in which we live. This surely is the perception of some independent American filmmakers who may be driven to de-romanticize and create their movies by Hollywood's increasingly hysterical and wildly romantic myth making.

Romanticism is characterized by a preoccupation with utopianism as opposed to actual and physical reality. By nostalgia and a tendency to focus behind, shared as over the horizon, somewhere you have and now in the material world. Certainly *The Year My Fairy Drove* has the hill, perceived in the past tense by a grown-up Danny, it has strong elements of the otherworldly.

One of the three main characters is a fringe dwelling mystic world who lives as a shuttler in the material line. Jonah (Bruce Spence) functions as a kind of spiritual adviser to the troubled kids, telling them things much about the way in which things around the corner which impeded as these, about how shadows or echoes of human emotions are imprinted on the physical world forever, and about how, if you are sensitive, you can feel those remnants of the past. "The points of view that are expressed by Jonah," says Dugas, "have probably gone academic. I, in fact, share many of them."

There's been a lot of talk about a tendency in recent Australian film to locate the subject away from hard core contemporary matters. Ground Zero, the initial companion for this year's first film, has been appreciated particularly for its head-on confrontation with a topical issue. In America, of course, few enough people would even consider the kind of extreme border rivalry in America as films made that have what you might call a "local resonance". One corruption might be, ironically, *River's Edge*, the film Dugas finds this to live up to as genuine in this regard.

But moral accountability is something Australian artists and critics seem quite comfortable with, and Douglas is no exception. Those "low spiritualist characters" in *Month To Month*, for instance, were in Douglas's words, "characters whom the middle class audience generally reads about as numbers in the unemployment figures, or kids in the juvenile courts."

*The Year My Voice Broke* is, comparatively, rather light on social commentary, possibly as a function of its spatial and temporal setting. I asked Douglas how he might find about the charge that his film was escapist and therefore critical only about social realities that were safely distanced from most people's experience of life.

"To me the temporal setting of the picture is largely irrelevant. I wanted to make a film that had the first person character looking back and trying to make sense of a very important formative relationship. I simply chose that period because it was the period I grew up in, so I know it well and was able to observe the correct kind of language and I knew the mood of the time and so forth.

"But really, as far as I'm concerned most of what it's about is translatable to now or any recent time. And I don't think the adolescent subconcerns that are described in the movie are new about at all. So, if people are critical of the film on that level, to my mind they have completely missed what the film is about."

And as far the choice of a country setting, Douglas says, "I've made a number of films about suburban topics and the Australian reality is just to void a part of the Australian experience. But then, again, I don't particularly think that when you go on to the story is especially a rural situation. It's a film meant to identify some of the patterns because it's a society at a moment. But it has a lot in common with urban realities as well."

Douglas would, in the end, have a both ways. On the one hand a concern from the material, sociological, historical and economic world into a magic world of lingering childhood and mystical adolescent fantasy. And on the other, an acknowledgment that the desire for such a return and the glamour associated with it is a product of the very social realities it denies. In this sense, *The Year My Voice Broke* is very much a movie about adolescence, perhaps rather precariously not only between youth and maturity, but between the economic and realistic ideologies which are associated with those different stages.

Douglas was so completely unimpressed with the nostalgia question, however, that it prompted me to ask what he thought about Australian film criticism in general. I had overheard him the night before in conversation with a couple of journalists articulating the position that, all in all, it was a pretty shallow business.

"I think that one of the things the film industry suffers from is that it's fashionable among (indifferent) critics in Australia to be blindly uncritical of Australian film and generally lump them all together and write them off. I certainly think that there are very few writers who give the same kind of attention or diligence in their analysis of Australian films that they would give to films by people with exotic sounding names from Germany or France," he says.

John Douglas is a very serious fellow. Hopeless romantic that I am, I have great sympathy for the reason which gave us *The Year My Voice Broke*. But I confess to surprise at his high minded and rather pontifical response to what seems to me one of the most outrageous recent developments in film.

I am reminded, however, of a similar debate between André Zola and Antoine France. Zola, the father of Naturalism, was hit by many of his contemporaries to have an "elitist" mind. He chose to portray only the world aspects of life, he said, and, in film, *When La Terre* was published in 1887 France responded with the following review:

There is in all of us, in the humanist well as the artist, an instinct for beauty. M. Zola does not realize this. In man there is an instinct need to love which reflects problems. M. Zola does not realize this. . . In the world there are more significant forms and noble thoughts, as well as pure truth and heroic forms. But for Zola does not realize this. . . He does not seem to know that what the deepest things in life which grace it, are that philosophical ones can be both enlightening and gentle. As for scientific decency, it can inspire only one of two things in literature: indifference or pity. M. Zola is worthy of our profound pity.

Douglas's position on the antagonist is not without precedent.

May the debate rage ever on.



Heath Taylor

1. Cinema magazine interviewed by Ron Rosenbaum. *Hardly Fair*, July 1987

2. John Douglas interviewed by David Murray. *Cinema Papers* 18, April-June 1979, pp272-273, 277



MONGREL DREAMER: MARK MORDUE TALKS TO JIM JARMUSCH

# ASPHALT JUNGLE JIM

*Jarmusch is the guy who came to the party with his shoes on and no pants on. He's gonna be great. He's got all these Russian films coming out under his hat. He's very funny. Funny like Buster Keaton. He's like *Lost Highway*. You have to try to get that film — I think it's an important movie — because comedy and deep, deep sadness. Deep and dark. It's like sitting in a dark room with a glass of wine or food of joy — that and the guy smiling down the street talking to himself.*  
— Tom Waits (S' magazine, October 1993)

*Films must find one way of showing real emotions and not be so willing to manipulate the audience on the feelings, musical cues, and without the overly judicious alienation of all emotions.*  
— Jim Jarmusch (Screen Writers On Screen, This Month 1993)

At 34, Jim Jarmusch's vision of a "real and beautiful world" sees him firmly at the forefront of a new drama for a more inward-looking American cinema, a cinema rediscovering new ways of storytelling, new forms, attitudes and reflections, that provide relief from the market-bound strategies of the mainstream where the popular imagination has been captured and atomized by fashions of power and success.

Broad proclamations of a New American Cinema, though, are perhaps too neat an organizer's rallying call, but the scattered signs of life are inevitably encouraging. Away from the Top Guns, Ramboes and Rockys, the American antihero and his cinema of doubt, questions and, now, even examples of a kind, sees a political shake-up of vision being given, at the very least, a chance.

This is the significance of success stories like *Blue Velvet*, *She's Gotta Have It* and *Down By Law*. Jarmusch's importance in this canon is that while he is not an overtly political or Spike Lee, he is equally as optimistic and grounded in the process of struggle, and though he lacks David Lynch's disturbing metaphysical grasp, his later, purer, if you like, sense of fantasy is not without its own subtly ironic gesture. It's also gifted with the charm of a reluctant faith in humanity that celebrates where Lynch prefers to disorient.

Jarmusch is a fighter with a promise: a promise born out of recognizing the world through a battered humanism that draws new strength from old stories reshaped into a truly contemporary form. And in embracing the potency of storytelling, of fantasy, he takes on the stereotype of art cinema and its more facile deconstructive excesses, opting to reconstruct a dialogue back into the world and spectacle as meaning, under which so much European and European-influenced filmmaking appeared to be collapsing. A promise mirrored, coincidentally, in *Wings Of Desire*, the work of one of his major influences, Wim Wenders.

In this sense it is no surprise that Jarmusch's latest effort, *Down By Law*, should open in a graveyard,

crusing through the limbo of New Orleans where a failed DJ called Zack (Tom Waits) and an egomaniac pimp with delusions of grandeur called Jack (John Lurie) prepare for the big break that will serve as their final sharp against fortune. Some 100 minutes later they're free not only from prison, but from the decadent machinery and stunted imaginations that had brought them so insistently to failure's door. Liberated both physically and spiritually by the hyper active innocence, love and faith of an angelic (again the Wenders conscience) Italian woman called Roberto (Roberto Benigni), a happy ending is discovered as they walk off into the hazy light, a strange trick to signify that recognizes an essential human optimism which need not deny itself the communion of experience fellow men can possibly provide.

If that all sounds awfully idealistic and wet, don't be misled. Jarmusch's deadpan humour and world-weary urbanity are sharp enough to avoid the lachrymose pitfalls of letting dreams deny the disparities and ambiguities of a harsher, lived-in world. What he really does is create a fairy-tale for adults, a hip nightmare hybrid of *The Thin Red Line*, *On The Road* and *After Is Wonderful* that wryly comments on modern 'awareness'.

Jarmusch's early years in Akron, Ohio, an industrial area in the Mid West, homeland of American dreams and relatively homogeneous white middle-class aspirations (one and the same thing?) Deviating from the norm in his artistic ambitions, Jarmusch originally wanted to become a writer.

Travelling in Europe in the early seventies, particularly his heavy exposure to film through Henri Langlois' Cinéma-thèque in Paris, the biggest film archive in the world, changed this. Inevitably, his writing, like his writing, was an increasingly obvious obsession. After he returned to New York in 1975 he applied to the NYU Graduate Film School, submitting only writing and photographs, and was accepted without having made a film of any kind.

At that time Luis Buñuel (director of *The Wild One*) was director of the school, and he in turn introduced Jarmusch in his third and final year to

Nabholz Ray Jarmusch became Ray's teaching assistant, a formative period of tolerance powerfully marked by the fact that Ray was dying of cancer.

Ray's last film, *Lightning Over Water* (*Nick's Money*), was a collaboration with his closest adviser, Wim Wenders. Wenders brought his own European crew, Ray brought Jarmusch. Two days after Ray died in June, 1978, Jarmusch started on his first film, *Penetration* (*Winter*), a 16mm 80-minute silent made in 14 days for almost \$15,000.

Described by one cynical critic as "the plodding periods of a message doer, half post-punk voice, half Lower East Side non-person", it was eventually sold to German television and drew attention to Jarmusch's abilities, even if he had little in his taciturn maturity to compare it to and would never gain his degree. The German sale would also help him with his work on *Stranger Than Paradise*.

The German connection took on a more personal level with the friendship of Wim Wenders and his producer Chris Serwebach (Jarmusch's own producer, Otto Grobenberger, is Munich-based, and was not during attempts to keep the project running), who gave Jarmusch follow-up film work from *The State Of Things* which allowed him to make the opening sequence of *Stranger Than Paradise*. Neither Wenders or Serwebach were prepared to go any farther than that as they were locked into supporting the making of a Chris Petis film and getting funds for *Pain, Love*.

Kater Paul Bartel (director of *Living Rural*, *Last In The Class*, *Distance* 2000), who liked what he'd see of the incomplete *Stranger* at a film festival and lent Jarmusch another \$15,000 (current fee) in order to keep things rolling. Shot in 19 days and edited in two weeks over a two-year period for a total cost of \$125,000, the full-length *Stranger Than Paradise* took the Cannes 1984 as Cannes in 1984, the most coveted prize in the world for a first feature film. Jim Jarmusch had arrived.

Before this he'd worked on such projects as Eric Marshall's *Underground USA* (1980) and Howard Brookner's documentary, *Struggle* (1982), as a sound recorder (the latter virtually a two-man project for much of its duration). He'd also passed through the highly fertile New York scene of the late 1970s, experiencing it first hand and becoming friends with some of the musicians of the era like Patti Smith, Television, Blondie and Talking Heads, as well as filmmakers like Eric Marshall, Betsy Gordon, James Nares, Charles Abram, Beth Reid Scott &, and Anne Poe (whose film *The Stranger* he will re-make as "important for the spirit of the time"). Much later, after the success of *Stranger Than Paradise* he would connect again with Talking Heads to make the video for 'The Lady Don's Mind'.

Repacked, however, by "the whole concept of rock video" he has not bothered exploring that field. The "MTV disease" of rapid-fire editing, with its advertising consciousness and drunken sense of time and place, is completely at odds with Jarmusch's sense of style and politics, which explicitly rejects the culture of speed and the violence of distraction for a more reflective content. Aside from the more obvious European cinematic influences in the past of his filmmaking — drive and restraint — there's also a gentleness and sense of human spirit suggestive of Japanese influences at some secondary level. More specifically, the waltz angle camerawork of Yasujiro Ozu, admired by both Jarmusch and cinematographer Robby Muller, is clearly appreciated in the compositions of both *Down By Law* and *Stranger Than Paradise*, where viewers are given the opportunity to choose what they want to examine, often taking in the whole mise en scene with a gradual sense of its stripped-down riches, rather than being inundated by close-ups. In that way Jarmusch's black and white seems anchored in a photographic stillness, a distillation of scenes through the appreciation of one moment unfolding into another.

It's this unadorned style that takes a little getting used to, but the way with Jarmusch is always worth it. In *Stranger Than Paradise* it led us into a downtown quest for freedom and romanticism, the myth of American dreams, that now Willie (John Lurie), Eddie (Richard Ekins) and Eva (Susanne Bialer) led to realize their common bond of cinema-making had scattered them. In *Down By Law* Jarmusch allows his characters to depart from each other after the realization. And in both we see a director granting fantasy with reality's help, showing us scenes of people who discover themselves through experience, creating a sense of story.

What was it about Robby Muller's style that made you want to use him for *Down By Law*?

Well, I'm a big fan of Robby's work. I don't think, though, that he necessarily has a signature. In other words, he's worked with Wim Wenders, he's worked with Peter Bogdanovich (*They All Laughed*), he's worked with Peter Leterrier (*The County Of Cuba*), he's worked with Hans Griesendorfer (*The Glass Cell*), as well as many other people. Barbet Schroeder (*4 Queens Of Games*), Peter Handke (*The Left-Handed Woman*) — it's difficult to say to explain — he doesn't really light from the outside in like most people. He doesn't think of trying to light the characters at a dramatic moment or time. He lights instead, in a way, from what he interprets the emotional content of a scene to be, discussing it with me — which I found rare and interesting. I haven't let him from him. In America the tendency has been, especially here, Hollywood photographers — at least in war



LOVE IS BORN IN A SOFT Tom Waits, John Lurie and Roberto Benigni get fit

shootable in the last 10 years — to pre-flash things and soften and make everything. A kind of backing away from the sharpness of the lens, which I never understood at all. Robby's aesthetic is the opposite to that, I think.

Did you discuss making *Down By Law* in black-and-white with him, and what is it that attracts you to using it? No, I decided on that as I was writing the script. As for the attraction, I think there are some people like Woody Allen, for example, or Scorsese, who make an occasional film in black-and-white and the rest in colour. I'd probably like to do the reverse. I'm planning my next two films — that is in colour and



the other is black and white. So for me it's a combination of how I see the story in my mind when I'm writing it.

I think black-and-white is very interesting and very abstract by being minimal and having less information. It seems like people of my generation and younger grew up seeing colored footage on videos, so we associate colour with reality. Whereas most older people associate black-and-white with a kind of reality. But for me it's not as obvious.

And there's that whole period of classic film noir in the late forties that's very cinematic. That's a style I love. Not as exciting but to get lost in.

You're in Berlin at the moment. Have you found the environment there helpful for what you're writing?

Well yeah. But the film's not to take place here. I just came to get out of New York for a while. Berlin's a strange city because



it's really just an island in the middle of East Germany. We're not on the border of West Germany, we're inside East Germany in a walled-in city — it's a strange atmosphere. But New York is also a kind of island, and it doesn't really have anything to do with America. I don't know. I love New York, it's my home. But I just needed to get away from the mass environment. I like being in other cultures not because you encounter great things and somehow it helps your imagination. I wrote *Dead By Day* when I was in Rome.

I was curious about your work process for scripts. You've said in the past that, to an extent, you almost approached

writing backwards, starting off with little details, impressions or characterizations, and that the story grew out of them, rather than starting off with the story first. Yeah. The story is, in a way, secondary to me. And the characters are more important. And the atmosphere. Then the story suggests itself. The playing out of all the threads I've selected. It's then I tell the story, as opposed to telling the story, then filling in all the details.

From having seen *Stranger Than Paradise* and *Shore By Lane*, it seems to me that persons are reflected in what happens to the characters too. It's like they experience a whole lot of events, small details and more significant ones, and by the end they've come to a story of sorts.

But that seems quite antithetical to me. Maybe that's just objective, but it seems more like life. I don't see life as a very structured, big dramatic story — it's more a collection of events that you interpret, depending on chance and your emotional state.

You don't seem to deal with existentially tormented figures so much as people who accept, perhaps fatalistically, what's happening around them.

Yeah. But that gets complicated. You can find examples of existential thought in these kinds of characters. But as the years come I think of my films as coincident — they're not coincident. I'm interested in the sense of human and emotional questions of the characters rather than the existential questioning which seemed to be very fashionable in the cinema of the late seventies.

Unfortunately that notion of emotional distance has also become a tool of reaction. It's led to a kind of ugly fashion.

Well, I'm very cynical anyway. And I think we have pretty much destroyed that planet. And I don't really understand a Christian scheme that's been offered throughout history — and thinking — and they've not been able to be applied. So I'm at the point of cynicism where I think that the small things which happen between people are very beautiful. The very special things that happen on this planet. And if we experience them as humans, at least we're still here to experience. But in general I don't have a lot of respect for the way governments have caused this planet, my own country in particular.

In light of your successes and added pressure or threat from major film groups to come over to their side, how do you feel about that whole politics of film?

Well I've certainly changed since *Stranger Than Paradise* in that I'm not afraid of the politics of making a film, or that film was a lot of money. When I'm interested in a thing my own work, not working with someone else. And therefore it means like the last way for me to continue is to produce my own stuff, which is how I plan it to be. For my next film, with my partner Chris Chalkiadakis. But I have another film planned after the next one which may require a bigger budget — not big by American standards, but maybe \$3 million.

With that film, I don't know. I keep my options open. But when I will do it is the subject to some producer who should be running an underwear factory telling me how to run my film or who to cast in it. I'm not about to compromise that stuff. I'd rather be a motorcycle repairman than make some kind of film I don't believe in or feel good about.

At the same time I do want to reach some kind of audience, even though I don't think about the audience very much when constructing the films. I do sell get a lot of success, and there are a lot of possibilities for production, but I'm not ready to compromise to those people and that such a lot of possibilities immediately. They say they're interested but I don't really trust them.

When you say 'they', you're obviously talking about Hollywood?

I'm talking about people who think of films as packages, and therefore want to control how the package is put together.

How alive, then, do you think the American underground, left-of-field, low budget cinema is at the moment?

Well I don't think underground films exist anymore. If they do

cent it's on the Super 8 format, and therefore underground by default since because they can't be shown in the conventional cinema.

The movie independent is relative because you're not independent unless you're independently wealthy and produce films with your money — which is not in their right mind does. So you're not independent financially.

I don't really know what the term is. I mean, I see interesting directors like Susan Seidelman make a fairly large budget film and I don't see that it has been her style or what she wants to do. So it depends on how people want to work. Spike Lee has just made a new film for Columbia Pictures. I know he was in vogue and formerly considered as an underground director. Same for Alex Cox.

So I don't really know of any underground "scene." I just hope those so-called independent directors want to protect their own work and are able to make films any way they can, even in the studios. As long as their ideas are protected. We're in an interesting stage right now in that regard — we run on what happens to Spike Lee and his new film. I'm not happy when I see a film like *Like Father-like Son* doing well in the States commercially at a time when *Top Gun* is the major money-making film. The thing is, if ideas are protected then life is breathed into the American cinema. It's essential to protect those ideas in order to breathe with life. I don't know if that will happen or if those ideas will just get compromised.

In your films you lean towards using people who aren't strictly actors — people who come at acting from a skewed perspective, such as institutions.

Well I think that helps because I have an odd sense of constraint, my a film, and also of directing. So, for example, the long takes the movies allow certain actors without a very strong method to be stronger because they're able to maintain those characters over a longer period of time without their being cut up every five minutes for the camera positions and repeating the same things from different angles.

There are a lot of actors who are just actors and are always acting. That's something that annoys me — when I see an actor's method going on outside the character. When I'm not so seduced with the character, I'm involved with them as an actor. I think that certain people who have, somehow, a broader sense of performance, like Marianne, or Rebecca, who is also a comedian, are sometimes able to bring something to the table of acting or to the character that actors aren't. It's nothing against actors, because I think some actors are really great — marionette like Ellen Barkin, for example. But it's more. There are so many bad actors, and the style of acting in American commercial films at the moment isn't very good at all.

Well it's television acting, isn't it? Looking at American TV from an Australian perspective, seeing what they're supposed to represent, it seems that just by year the reality and necessity become less and less real. It's hard to believe that audiences can accept them at any level.

Yeah, and it's getting worse and worse. It's very sad to think

that American TV audiences are just mesmerized by something that is so unconvincing. And there's so much of it, especially with cable and video as well. In the States everyone watches television constantly — they don't read books anymore. That's partly why there's no underground cinema. It's also affected people politically — things are not polarized anymore. It's all banalization. A week of mediocrity over everything that emanates from television.

Well television is so physically small and confined — it shouldn't be that way, but the ambitions and fantasies are similarly confined. Whereas cinema is such a large and total experience. Television diminishes the dream. That's one. When you see a movie it's very magical, because you're watching it in a theatre, a darkened room, with other people. Somehow it's like Plato's Cave. With TV everything's interrupted. Your attention span is reduced. I like when Gaudel and I was asked when he was asked about the difference between cinema and television. He replied, "When you watch cinema, you look up at the screen. When you watch television, you look down at it."

Is that sense of something foreign and magical why you seem to be attracted to Europe and/or European characters as a kind of proof for the dreams of the people around them?

Well, not specifically. I think that America is a country that doesn't really have its own culture, and is made up of the various cultural influences of the people who inhabited it. I'm like a mongrel. My family is Czech, German and Irish. So I'm all mixed up. And American culture is made of those strange mixtures. That's something which is very American.

So I'm drawn to European characters because, in a sense, they're the cinema of America also. And I'm influenced by the style of film directors from Europe or Japan, in a way, more than I am from Hollywood. So I'm also in the middle of the Atlantic, floating around somewhere when it comes to the themes in my films.

It's funny. I feel like I've been exposed to some American directors only through being in Europe. I became interested in Steven Seagal and Nicholas Ray through Gaudel and Wim Wenders' writings. So it's kind of a strange circular pattern, coming back to directors in your own country through directors in Europe.

And I hope that some younger American directors, in a way, will move a back again. Reflect those ideas again. Create an interesting circular pattern. Because Gaudel, in a way, his misapprehension of American style in terms of *Beatniks* and *Alphaville* is very fascinating. It's like a misinterpretation that brings something new.

■ Detailed information on the last section of this piece, relating to Jim Jarmusch's background and early career, comes from an interview with Jarmusch from *The Pop Underground* (ed. Peter Schulz) available through *The Last Days Of San Francisco* (P.O. Box 1107, San Francisco, CA 94110).



Peter Schulz



Jim Jarmusch

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# GHANA MAKE IT?

Filmmaking in Ghana now ranges from documentary to the latest Herzog extravaganza. MARCUS GREEN reports.

Francis Kwakyi's face twisted into a wry smile as he gave the story line to the latest film the Ghana Film Industry Corporation (GFIC) had produced.

It was one of six films the Ghanaian produced in 1987, although it is unlikely that many locals will see it. Unlike other films shot in Ghana, this one has been taken to Germany and given the treatment reserved for big productions. It was the latest exotic adventure from Werner Herzog and Klaus Kinski.

Behind Kwakyi, in the huge studio set in the Ghanaian capital of Accra, a trunk containing the rest of Herzog's film waited to be shipped home to Munich. When it returns as a belated film, Kwakyi's film may have more of a grimace, as did the faces of many Australian Aborigines when they saw the fruits of Herzog's Australian sojourn, where *The Green Ants* dwelled.

Putting together a package of production facilities that can entice foreign filmmakers and their currency to Ghana is now something of a priority for the GFIC. Herzog's film, *Copacabana*, proved a major impetus to this change in the GFIC's approach to filmmaking, which, before 1980, was restricted to documentary filmmaking alone.

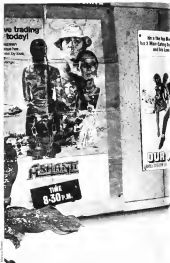
But who could resist Herzog's stay here as described by Kwakyi: "Someone from Brazil comes to Africa where there is a civilization" despite, as the guy from Brazil helped another chief from another tribe train women warriors and defeat the other chief." Suddenly Herzog, suddenly similar to *Fitzcarraldo* and *Bushdawn* for a struggling African film industry to enter into a co-production.

At present, all movie film produced in Ghana is black and white. "We plan to have a colour laboratory in Ghana," Kwakyi, the corporation's head accountant said, adding that distribution of Ghana's films happens mostly through its outposts. (The nearest Ghana embassy to Australia is in Tokyo.)

He spoke enthusiastically of the quality of the studio set, with its air-conditioned comfort, and facilities for creating almost any kind of light, with no extensive care. But like many things in Ghana (and Africa, for that matter), the studio is not used to full potential. "Generally in Ghana we don't shoot films in the studio. We shoot outside in the natural environment," he said.

Capturing something artificially is not an easy thing for Africans in these post-colonial days, as they struggle to find forms of social organization and government that reflect their own history, rather than that of their past colonial masters. According to Kwakyi, the leisure time in Ghana is "mainly scenes that are set around the general environment of the country. They are intended to look up the people's mind about the country and what we believe". He had no hesitation in reciting the history of the GFIC and describing it as "a unit for government propaganda documentaries".

It has fulfilled this role since it was established 30 years ago when Ghana received its independence from Britain. But filmmaking still has its problems. Not only do the Ghanaian filmmakers have to restrict their activities to black and white film, but they also have to share the GFIC's mixing and recording facilities with Ghana's



CINEMA IN GHANA. Francis Kwakyi (left) stands next to the Ghana Film Industry Corporation's recording studio.

recording artists.

The day I visited the GFIC facilities, one of Ghana's high film groups was putting down the record books for its next record using the best sound facilities the GFIC can offer: a 10-year-old four-track studio with its four auxiliary tracks. "It's small in comparison with Europe," Kwakyi said. "We need more efforts to boost the quality of the recording."

In an effort to make the facilities available to Ghanaians, the recording facility, for example, is rented for 12,500 cedis (Japanese Yen) for six hours. A record takes about three days to make in Ghana.

Despite these obstacles, Ghana has produced some fine films and some less attractive ones as well. *Doing Their Thing*, a 1971 documentary, directed by the now managing director of GFIC, Ben Chris Moore, explores the role of traditional and tribal music. It tells

the story of two young people who enjoy the life of the nightclubs which used to flourish in Accra before the fall in world commodity prices decimated and demoralized the economy and much of the creative activity of the people.

The lead female character, whose father is a well-known businessman, cannot agree with her father's attitude to her music, which is the modern high life, with imported soul and disco.

Her father sees this music simply as post-colonial "chit", while the girl and her boyfriend see it as their link with the modern world. Under duress from her father, the couple go on a tour of rural Ghana and discover traditional music and dance.

Mundane as it sounds, the story line is engaging, as the film does what many recent Japanese films have done — especially those of Shohei Imamura (*The Hidden*) or

## COMING ATTRACTION

...day of film with  
...the African continent  
...the film



Polony Corporation, outside the GPC's theatre in Accra

*Awanyama* — It describes the conflict between the new and the old and then, unlike Japanese cinema, prescribes a synthesis, where a solution to the conflict can be found.

This is the new Africa, the Africa Europeans rarely see or experience and which is scoffed at, polarised and exploited.

In contrast, *Flowerdew West: The Visitor*, a 1982 documentary, shows how co-productions can work against the Chibans and their quest for a leading role in an independent, anti-imperialist Africa.

The film shows this 'super-group' working together with Ghanaian musicians in preparation for a huge concert in Accra. It is a film that is especially instructive for musicians, who see Nick Fleetwood, the group's drummer, trying to convince African musicians to a western rock'n'roll beat, amidst

the poly-rhythms of Ghanaian drumming and percussion.

The result is a film that again shows up westerners, even with the best intentions, as having little sense of the African reality. The film is that is colour, indicating that the band provided the film for the GPC.

With only six picture theatres and a few mobile kinemobile systems that travel the country, Ghana will find it difficult to maintain its film industry, as well as its own African values.

For example, at the Ghana Film Theatre, Kanda-Accra, local people were lining up for a film, the only one advertised in that day's newspapers. It was *Actant*, starring Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Robin Williams, Beverly Johnson, Grace Jones and Milla Jovovich as the female girl. The sub-title of the film was "Slave trading lives today".



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# FUNDS, FUN

IT SEEMS likely that an important report on women in the film industry will be shelved. The Report on Women in Australian Film, Video and Television Production, published jointly in 1987 by the Australian Film Commission (AFC) and the Australian Film, TV & Radio School (AFTRS), is a follow-up to a survey conducted in 1983. The findings of the 1983 survey, like the report, help to contradict the prevailing mythology that women have succeeded in breaking down traditional barriers in the industry.

The recommendations of the report's authors, Alison Marsh, formerly the affirmative action officer of the AFC, and Chris Pip, a researcher, are based on statistics indicating that women are still disproportionately under-represented in the industry compared to their representation in the general workforce; and that there is a

"high level of occupational segregation" in the feature film industry. Some improvements have occurred, but overall these are marginal, and striking inequalities persist, particularly in technical areas and what are termed the "key creative" roles. There are also an important set of preliminary statistics tucked away in the report under the heading of "Demographic Details". These reveal that women in the industry are predominantly of Anglo-Celtic origin. The authors feel that this probably reflects the industry as a whole.

Subsequent to the 1983 survey, administrators of the various training and funding bodies hoped that structural improvements to which would be dovetail fairly easily through the implementation of specific programs which concentrated on training and skills acquisition. (The most prominent examples are the women's film units.) Such programs were based on notions

**What does the phasing out of the Women's Film Fund mean for women in the industry? ANNETTE BLONSKI looks at the report whose findings confirm that women are still significantly under-represented and segregated; SOPHIE CUNNINGHAM and DEBBY VERHOEVEN write about some strategies for the future.**

of social and industrial equity and on development of long term career paths for women. Contradictions emerging in feminist discourses about the category of "women's films" and the conceptual, theoretical or political arguments originally connected with women's agitation for training are evident in this formulation. The result is mounting polarization of these discourses.

My main purpose here, however, is to look at the report and the neglected, even unseen, that follows it from the very organization that commissioned it in the first place — the AFC. The findings of the 1987 report are provocative and deserve wide discussion. The report is a witness to the entrenched and continuing marginalization of women.

The AFC commissioned its report in 1986, in response to one of the recommendations of its own internal affirmative action program which related to the question of women's participation in the industry generally. Based on cues largely from historic film credits in *Classics Papers* during the 1980-82 financial year and a survey of women in the industry, the 1987 report extends the scope of its predecessor by covering women in radio and television, as well as film, and by tracing career patterns. Marsh and Pip were assisted by the social researcher, Eva Cox, in the development of the methodology and sampling techniques, and a planning committee met occasionally in an advisory capacity.

It was important for the credibility of the survey, according to Pip, that the broadest possible sample be obtained. Some difficulties were encountered finding a large enough sample in areas like social recording and cinematography. Despite this, and problems involved in the distribution of the questionnaire with television networks, Pip was delighted by the response rate of over 90 per cent of those sampled. She and Marsh had been led to believe that "women wouldn't be interested"; indeed, the pages of the questionnaire were often covered with passionate outpourings in response to the "fact questions" and these, of course, couldn't be classified.

And what of the figures themselves? It was found, for instance, that in 1985/86, women comprised 31.3 per cent of all feature film crews, a percentage that has steadily risen since 1975. This proportion, however, was 8 per cent lower than the Australian workforce as a whole. Women dominated those areas traditionally thought to be "female" such as make-up and wardrobe, support and administration. While almost all production coordinators and secretaries were women (88.8 per cent and 86.2 per cent respectively), only 33.4 per cent of all producers were women, and 18.6 per cent of all presenters were women. Angela Wiles of the Australian Writers' Guild said, when interviewed, that the figures for writers would be higher in television



# INDS, FUNDS

particularly if script notions were included but, surprisingly, thought that the figures for writers in feature film were rather higher than she expected. A total 6.8 per cent of directors were women. There has been, actually, no improvement in the percentage of women as directors in the past 10 years.

As for the jobs considered to be "male", women were excluded. In the same year, there were no female gaffers or location managers and no female camera operators, although 39 per cent of cinematographers were women. As for editing, where in Europe and the US women have a long and illustrious history, only 17.9 per cent of women were editors in Australia, whereas 50 per cent of assistant editors and 61.5 per cent of editing assistants were women.

Marsh and Pig conclude, however, that there is some evidence to support the observation that women involved in training academics and women's film units have moved into non-traditional areas of employment. But the improvement is clearly very slow.

A number of contributing factors emerge: the problem is the absence of child-care; women with children "are more likely to experience disrupted employment; their children's needs and that of men with dependent children"; in response to this Marsh and Pig recommend that on-site child-care should be provided by industry employers such as the ABC, large production houses and training bodies, and an on-long-term location shoots. They recommend also that child-care costs be exempted from the fringe benefit tax. Guy Bessier Walsh's widely publicised studies on child-care are necessary: what kind of support this modest proposal would receive if it were accepted. Indeed, let alone how the film industry will react to the prospect as a whole.

Child care and child rearing are problematic for women in all spheres, and are central to contradictions experienced by women confronting gender expectations within both the domestic and industrial sphere. There are other areas of the report which deal with the less tangible, but crucial issues of self-perception and the attitudes of others. The findings suggest that women continue to suffer systematic discrimination, denying of their skills by employers, and a lack of self-confidence. The vast majority of women were pessimistic about the likelihood "of achieving their stated aspiration", yet 52.4 per cent of the women who supported listed their total experience from the industry and regarded it as their long-term career.

In his introduction Marsh and Pig make it clear that the report and its recommendations flow from a specific (simple) and basic. Women involved in what they term "satellite jobs" — administration, marketing and distribution — were not included nor were women in the cultural sector such as critics and writers. Those involved in cultural organisations like researchers or teachers of media and film. Both Pig and Marsh agreed that these areas are important to the larger

question of whether any change will take place in the conceptual basis of filmmaking (what kind of films are made and how), a change that will not necessarily follow from an increase in the percentage of women in the "key" positions. The report's restricted focus is reflected in the steering committee where no commitment to "onboard women" for most of a better idea) was recommended.

The focus of the report is achievable, and its recommendations are sensible. The first step in implementing the recommendations, according to Marsh and Pig, is the encouragement of wide industry discussion. Part of this would involve the employment by the AFC of a consultant to an independent organisation to investigate the findings of the report, and establish a working party of industry representatives and other stakeholders, including cultural groups. This would seem a relatively simple matter to initiate and its inevitable consequences of the report's publication.

In October 1987, concluding on item on the report in its own newsletter, the AFC states that "structural discrimination" on the basis of sex has meant that women have been

less able to bargain effectively for their own career advancement". It concludes, quoting from the report: "This situation should alert the industry to the need for vigilance to ensure that present levels of progress for women are not eroded, and equal employment opportunities on the basis of skill and ability become commonplace practice".

And yet, when the report was completed and reviewed by the Minister for the Arts, Senator Richardson, Marian Marsh had already left the AFC, leaving the position of affirmative action officer vacant. No discussions had taken place on the distribution or follow-up of the report prior to, or to any knowledge, subsequent to her departure. The only firm action so far is the establishment of a national training fund for women in the industry that was announced by the AFTRG at the launch of the report. By throwing responsibility for vigilance onto "the industry", is the AFC suggesting that it is not a part of that industry? The AFC has not initiated discussion of the report's recommendations. Why?

The federal government passed the Public Service Reform Act four years ago as part of its policy to eliminate discrimination against

## RECOMMENDATIONS

The recommendations are aimed at:

- instilling the progress women have made by ensuring present gains are not eroded
- investigating the causes of entry points and voluntary separation issues available to women so that they can compete more effectively for a wide range of jobs and train jobs in certain areas
- establishing wide ranging mechanisms to fill in gaps in the industry can identify problems and remedy them in areas to industry representatives and wide industry discussion. The Australian Film Commission should fund the employment of a consultant attached to an independent organisation, for the purpose of further investigation of the findings of the report, and to establish a working party with representatives from all industry sectors. This working party should include representatives from AFTRG, SRA, independent production houses, government production houses like ABC, SBS, industry training bodies, industry unions, and other agencies.

It should also:

1. distribute this report and its recommendations, and report to the AFC on proposed steps for implementation.
2. The development of a "Job-Net" project, similar to that recently operating in the UK, with union and industry participation and financial support, to integrate women's training with their employment.
3. Develop more options for women's employment in the state the Affirmative Action (Equal Opportunity for Women) Act 1986.
4. These organisations not explicitly covered by the Act should, on the basis of industry goodwill, formulate plans for the next few years which lead to the report employment of women, and ensure system development.
5. These plans can incorporate:
  - a. employment opportunities for women into those jobs in which women are under-represented, employment opportunities for women in upper selection jobs in which women are under-represented
  - b. promotion of those women caught in unskilled positions, and specialist training courses for those women thought by employers to be lacking the skills and experience to fill targeted jobs
  - c. exemption by employers of programs to reduce imbalances and full choice in employment practices to ensure they are not discriminatory
6. Monitoring of AFC grant applications is an urgent requirement. The logic of the request is to identify types of projects and individuals in need of increasing in order to offset the effects of discrimination of funding programs like women are monitored.
7. Alternative Affirmative Action plans should be applied to those applications for funding from the AFC who are prepared to assist women in non-educational employment areas and which also cover all other relevant funding.
8. The provision of pamphlets in every workplace or social housing area, equal employment opportunity, regional and state affirmative action guidelines.
9. Research for dependent and independent in the workplace on the basis of women's perceptions of employment and pay, training, equal of women's employment and participation, and identifying discriminatory practices. These should be jointly funded by the AFC and the AFTRG.
10. Consultation with industry unions and associations to develop strategies appropriate to the film, video and television industry in order to encourage and eliminate such training practices.
11. Promote on-site child care should be a priority of industry employers with substantial numbers of employees such as the ABC, large production houses and training bodies. Childcare child care fees should not be provided for employees.
12. Long-term location shoots should include on-site child care in married operators. Child care costs are exempted from the fringe benefit tax and can be included in package contracts for men and women.

women and disadvantaged groups. In 1984 the AFC established an affirmative action working party. In 1985 it initiated its in-house affirmative action program and Marilyn Marsh was appointed affirmative action officer. In 1986, after research into staffing and hiring within the AFC, a report prepared by her was presented to the Commissioner. It is not freely available. This report deals with the status of women, migrants and the handicapped. A separate report was being prepared on Aborigines.

The AFC's record has been quite positive and women have been appointed to senior positions. However, the internal report noted not surprisingly that women in the AFC tended to cluster, numerically, in support and secretarial roles, particularly in the production division of the AFC (Film Australia). A high degree of sex segregation and segmentation is noted, also exists in the film industry as a whole. A number of programs and initiatives were recommended for internal reforms within the AFC, but this working party no longer exists to monitor these reforms. No replacement for Marilyn Marsh was found. The position has been converted to part-time. The personnel manager, Yvonne Ryan, is now required to undertake the duties previously administered by a full-time specialist officer. No affirmative action officer will be appointed at Film Australia, according to Ryan, until after July 1989 when it will become a wholly owned

government company. When asked for more detail on current plans for implementation of the "affirmative action plan", as it is known, Ryan only commented that all aspects of the plan would be re-assessed in the light of what is happening at Film Australia.

Was it bad timing or pure coincidence that as the statistics for the report were being prepared, early in 1987, it was announced that the Women's Film Fund (WFF) would be wound up by 1990. This decision has been met with a mixture of resignation and dismay. The reasons for its abolition after a lengthy review seem to be based on two assumptions. The first is that women now gain proportionately equal access to funding within the AFC, particularly within the Creative Development Unit. (At the very least one could point to the structural impediments to women in the feature film industry and I suspect that the figures for the Special Producer Fund would be less than encouraging.) The second related to support for women filmmakers: advice, training and the mentoring role associated with the fund. These duties are to be devolved to the affirmative action officer and others within the AFC. The WFF's manager is the sole project officer with an extensive brief and tiny funds (\$150,000 per annum). The findings of the report suggest that the level of mentoring of industry and internal AFC funding activities, provided by an over-worked and under-funded full-time

manager, will be necessary for many years to come. Marsh, when asked about the fund, stated that "The report (1987) destroyed the myth that we don't need the Women's Film Fund — or thinking schemes such as the women's film unit" because the support offered new, ignored doors and gave women confidence.

But the much-awaited plan upon which these actions are based appears to be in suspension, shrouded into the closet, along with a myriad of other reports on the state of the industry. It might emerge some time towards the end of 1989 if an independent Film Australia, first announced, a discretionary gift to women Aborigines and migrants, courtesy of government legislators, but hardly a gift from the heart, and a gift of the same. That still leaves the AFC staff.

The WFF continues for the moment. The current manager, Peggy Rabine, stated that she used the 1987 report and its recommendations as the basis for the WFF's more interventionist role. The manager's responsibilities revolved around the efficient and administration of a range of programs and projects (for details, see right). This is in addition to the on-going advice and assistance provided by all managers at the WFF who had been appointed because of their background in film production. It is difficult to see how the role of the affirmative action officer, whose responsibility is to oversee the implementation

The history of the Women's Film Fund may be characterized as shifting in emphasis from the closed history of *Colour* (1976) to the critical features of *After Coloured Girls* and *Wish* (1987) (1987). The move from *The Depression* of the 1930s to the expression of the marginal feminist subculture described in *Wish* (which was paradoxically to align with outsiders). The fund's recent encouragement of a broad range of perspectives indicates its ability to respond to the changing constituency of feminism.

The films *Wish* (1987) and *After Coloured Girls* indicate a trend towards a plurality of possible feminist representations. *After Coloured Girls* has been described by its writer, Tracey Moffatt, as a film that questions not only the history of relationships between white men and Aboriginal women, but which also "questions the now-established genre of the 'Aboriginal Film'".

*Wish* (1987) draws out a series of impressions within feminist approaches to representation, and the frustration of the women confronted with these problems. As one of the film's makers, Maggie Maclean, appropriately put it, "we thought it was about depression, but if it had gone on for much longer it would have been more about depression".

Following the Australian Film Commission (AFC) announcement that the fund will be wound down over the next three years and closed in 1990, supporters of the fund have every reason to be depressed.

Reasons for the winding down of the fund are complex. In part they represent a protest against inadequate funding. Co-ordinators can no longer be expected to work under the pressure that results from administering the

WITH INERTIA



Wish (1987)



## The Women's Film Fund — Some Current Initiatives:

1. A proposed series of six half-hour low-budget television dramas is now in development and draws together teams of writers, producers and directors.
2. Featuring writer's workshops and writer-developers programs in South Australia, Western Australia and Queensland, with a view to developing ideas and scripts for possible funding.
3. Subsidies will be provided on application, to women who wish to attend approved formalised learning short courses on a limited number of places.
4. Establishing, with short-term financial support, a women's video workshop at Open University Nations, for women wishing experience in video production, hopefully to be repeated in 1985.
5. Paying for production of featured roles to accompany the Film Festival production of *I Wrote for a Teaching* that about women working in the technical areas of the film industry.

of legislation and other institutional responsibilities, can absorb the role of the Women's Film Fund Manager when "Devolution" occurs in 1990. One does not make the other redundant.

The decision to establish the WFF, seen in the context of the uncertainty surrounding the affirmative action plan within the AFC,

suggests a lack of commitment on the part of the AFC political hierarchy on the larger question of structural change and a rather futile attempt at cost-cutting. (And who knows, maybe the joke circulating around the industry, that the "AFC" stands for "Australian Femaleised Commission", really fact.)

Equal opportunity and affirmative action programs are bound to be controversial in an industry where the agenda is determined by

commercial considerations and concerns about the autonomy of the local industry (eg co-production agreements, foreign artists etc). In a climate of uncertainty regarding the fundamentals of film financing, notions of equity and social justice, or the fundamental structural bias of the industry, come a poor last.

The current report demonstrates that rapid structural change through short-term programs is the fantasy of well-meaning liberals. Many women working in the industry know it all along. Despite hopes to the contrary, no comfort can be gained from the statistics.

There are other voices and they are asking other questions. "Invisible" questions. As Liz Jacka observed recently, what are the options for women filmmakers at the present time?

Without skills and experience, and schemes like the women's film units, which remain marginal to the mainstream industry, but they are equally ghettoised within 'women's cinema' if women do enter the mainstream in greater numbers, particularly as directors. Jacka asks, "How can women's filmmaking emerge into the mainstream without quickly stifling it, as women feature directors have so far been forced to do, for the most part?"

All for the report, few people have read it or even seen it. You can buy it from the AFC, but it deserves far more than a casual read. The document alone is evidence of a particular mind and so it cannot stand alone. I can only and the pace of the beginning like so many others, with an enthusiasm to extended serious discussion about women's filmmaking.

1. Martin Martin & Chris Plo Report on: *Women's Australian Film Unit and Television Production 1981* (submitted by the Australian Film Commission) is included on with the Australian Film Television and Radio Survey 1987. All quotations in this text are from that report, unless otherwise stated. The report is public and can be purchased for \$9.00.
2. Penny Ryan, Margaret Kirk, *On Agenda: Women in Australian Film Production* (Survey Women's Film Fund/AFTU 1985).
3. Report on *Women in Australia's Production* AFC April, October 1987, no 54, p2.
4. Australian Film Commission Report: *Affirmative Action Program/Management Plan for Equal Opportunity* 1986. Internal report not circulated to the public.
5. General Report 85 September 1987, p25.

fund with limited support. Other reasons have included the belief that conventional avenues of funding are too much open to women, and that it is appropriate that affirmative action measures be taken by large institutions such as the AFC.

Implicit in this concern is that the existence of the Women's Film Fund has allowed the film industry to continue to marginalise the women who work within it.

We wish to particularly examine this last criticism of the fund. Does the existence of the Women's Film Fund effectively marginalise the claims of women on funding institutions?

One response to this criticism is that if larger institutions did not themselves marginalise the Women's Film Fund the problem would never arise. Since the government and large film bodies do not take affirmative action seriously enough to provide more than \$150,000 a year to this fund, can we really expect them to support other affirmative action policies? As Annette Blomfield suggests in her article in this issue of *Cinema Papers* there is already cause to question the AFC's commitment to affirmative action.

Another response would be to question the terms of the criticism itself, its understanding of the margin. Where is it, and who defines its boundaries? The 'marginal' feminist subculture which is the focus of *With Jewels* would perceive the Women's Film Fund as a privileged bureaucracy. In contrast, the makers of films such as *Chaoside* Davies would certainly see the fund as on the fringe.

To accept claims of marginalisation is to accept the authority of those who decide where those boundaries lie. One would argue

the boundaries need to be reconsidered, and groups presently defined as marginal should become active in this process.

The Women's Film Fund has been instrumental in developing a strong network amongst women in the film and video sectors. These networks need to be developed and broadened — the boundaries need to be extended.

A specific example of the way established networks can be strengthened is demonstrated by the activities of a collective formed to organise the Women's Film Fund.

Int-aspex<sup>1</sup>, held at the year's Spolite fringe film and video festival in Melbourne. The day of commentary and screenings was one of the best attended events of the festival indicating a high level of interest in the fund.

During the seminar and later discussion a large number of women expressed their interest in the fund's future, formulating their concern with the following notion: "We strongly advocate the continuation of the Women's Film Fund on the basis of the present large inequalities of women's participation in all aspects of film, video and television production." This collective hopes to continue to provide a focus for women who wish to initiate action in response to the winding down of the fund. Further meetings have been organised to discuss what forms such action should take.

A group such as the Women's Film Fund Collective plays an important role in strengthening existing networks. However it is important that while such consolidation occurs, broader issues relating to women's involvement with the film and video industry not be forgotten. One possible direction for

such expansion has been taken up by Film Fable.

Film Fable formed last year with the general aim of broadening the controversy of feminist cinema. One of film Fable's specific aims is to redress the disparity between the number of films made by women and the decreasing opportunities to actually view these films. As well, they hope to encourage audiences actively to contribute to the programming process.

One of the ways Film Fable seeks to achieve these aims is by providing a space where women's films can be exhibited and discussed. Following a successful season in April of this year a series of thematic screenings have been planned at the Gloucester cinema next February. It is hoped these will provide a variety of discussions concerning the relationship between cinematic and social experiences, the representation of women on the screen, and their position in the film and video industry.

As well a series of more informal screenings are planned at a Melbourne video cafe on a fortnightly basis. Women will be encouraged to bring along their own work and share ideas in a casual but constructive context.

These groups represent two possible responses to continuing hostility towards a developing women's cinema. In this embryonic context the possible demise of the Women's Film Fund must be seen as cause for ongoing activity, rather than woe with inertia.

1. The Women's Film Fund Collective and Film Fable can be contacted at P.O. Box 183, Melbourne, Vic 3120.

# BOND AG

In the first part of this article, published in the previous issue, there was a short analysis of how various authors have viewed James Bond's rise to the status of popular phenomenon. In particular, there was an examination of the contention by writers Tony Bennett and Janet Woolacott<sup>1</sup> that this was due to Bond's "ability to co-ordinate . . . a series of ideological and cultural concerns that have been enduringly important in Britain since the 1950s" (p18). The two issues already looked at are "relations between West and East" and "nation and nationhood". SCOTT MURRAY examines the third concern, the "relationship between the sexes particularly with regard to the construction of images of masculinity and femininity".



# E W O M E N



**T**here are many myths surrounding the "Bond girl." These range from her physical characteristics to her role in the narrative, from the state of her sexuality to her relationship with Bond. It is hard to know why so many myths persist, and particularly why writers such as Umberto Eco and Bennett and Woolcott should reinforce so many of them.

In *The Bond Affair*,<sup>1</sup> Eco posits a model which he argues fits all the Bond women except Vivienne Michel and Mary Gooding.<sup>2</sup> Eco writes:

Domesticated by the villain, . . . Fleming's woman has already been previously conditioned to domination, left far from having assumed the role of the villain. The general scheme is (1) the girl is beautiful and good; (2) has been made tragic and unhappy by severe male cruelty or seduction; (3) she has conditioned her to the service of the villain; (4) through meeting Bond she appreciates human nature in all its richness; (5) Bond possesses her but in the end loses her. (p. 94)

As this model is essentially supported by Bennett and Woolcott, the main points are worth examining here individually.

## **Bond's sexual partners are young, hence "girl".**

Bennett and Woolcott write, "It is . . . always a girl [Bond] encounters, never a woman" (p. 113). Furio Colombo goes even further and uses the term "girl-child."<sup>3</sup>

Yet, the average age of Bond's female companions in Fleming is 25.<sup>4</sup> She is, then, a woman, not a girl. That Fleming used the latter term almost exclusively, one contends, was because he felt "girl" a more ironic description. It is not an option for academics.

\* \* \*

As to the films, producer Albert R. Broccoli says that Bond's love/sex interest must be a woman, not a girl, "Otherwise it becomes rape. Bond's ladies must give the impression of being experienced with men."<sup>5</sup>

Christopher ages are rarely given in films, but the average age of those actresses selected for Bond films is about 25.

## ◀ The 'girl' in "beautiful and good".

Response to physical beauty is, of course, subjective. However, it is clear that Fleming wished that most of his female characters be viewed as physically attractive. And as his attempts to so render them, Fleming perhaps inadvertently created a physical type to which most of Bond's romantic interests conform. That type can be paraphrased as:

Dark (or blonde) hair, blue eyes, high cheekbones, tall, slim, well, rounded mouth, clear, innocent (or sexy) smile, contained skin, able to sit back up and prevail, about 5'7" in height, and with "the fire, brother, splendid, oh...breath!"

As to the adjective "good", it is used by Bond to describe an inner goodness that may not at first be apparent, given that some of the Bond women are working for a villain. However, "good" is an arguably common description of all 13 Bond women.

Female beauty can serve as again a subjective issue, but it is different with film, as that one watches an actress playing a character and one responds primarily to the actress, rather than the scripted character. With a novel, one imagines a character's physique, based on the author's description, and responds to that imagining.

Surprisingly, given the sterility of the Bonds myth (see note 2), the most common hair shade of the Bond screen women is dark, not fair. Given also the number of villains, it is perhaps important to generalize further.

More important, the films differ from the novels in that several of Bond's bad companions are in no way "good" morally. One thinks of Miss Taro (Rae Haddock), Fiona Volpe (Luciana Paluzzi) and Patricia Black (Barbara Carrera). When Fleming created a truly evil woman, such as Rose Kimble, he never put Bond to bed with her. The films take a different position.

## The Bond 'girl' is a spy or in the service of the villain.

Bond argues that is true of 13 Bond women. But he is clearly wrong: Gold Blood, Honeychile Baker, Tilly Masterton, Ruby Winchester, Tracy di Vincenzo and Kristy Sangle are at no stage in the service of any villain. In fact, there are at least only seven possible candidates for Bond's model:

Wagner Lynd and Tatiana Romanova are spies; Dominic Webb is Largo's mistress, and Pussy Galore, Solitaire, Tiffany Case and Jill Masterton are, to a lesser degree, working for villains. But Dominic is quite innocent and opponent of Largo's madness, and Jill's only crime is to help Goldfinger do a little cheating at cards.

Thus, only Pussy, Tatiana, Solitaire, Pussy and Tiffany can be (meaningfully) said to be on the "wrong" side, that is, on only five of the 13 cases.

The film counts a more successful in the Cemetery and Monte Bond films, 30 of the women Bond sleep with are associated with villains, 18 are not (see chart). And two of the 20 are the result of misdirection of Dominic (Claudine Auger in *Thunderbolt* and Kim Basinger in *Never Say Never Again*). In such case Dominic is unaware of Largo's usurpation of the moral order.

## Bond ideologically repositions the 'girl', usually via his seduction of her.

This is Bond's position, though he does not appear to differentiate, as perhaps he ought, between Bond's mere presence on the scene and his having slept with the woman. Bond writes of how Bond freed the woman from the villain's domination and, thus, from her unhappy past (p17). In the process, she goes through an ideological transformation: that is, she now sides with Bond instead of the villain.

As for Bennett and Woodhouse, I can find no passage which clearly states their position, but it is simply clear that they support Bond on this. For instance, they write of Gold: "since she is already 'correctly' in place both morally and ideologically, Bond's services are not required" (p118).

Now, as seen above, there are five Bond women on the "wrong" side ideologically.

Vesper, a double agent, sleeps with Bond only near the end of *Casino Royale*, and after the mission is completed. But she does not have a complete ideological transformation and remains unclear. So, in Bond's terms, it is a failure for Bond here.

Solitaire, a card reader for the villain Mr. Big, has already decided to leave before meeting Bond, she has just been waiting for someone to help her escape. And when she decides that should be Bond, she blackmails

him into releasing her. Thus, her ideological conversion is quite independent of Bond.

Tiffany ideologically abandons her employer after making Bond, but will before sleeping with him. However, Fleming makes it clear that she is partially attracted to Bond by the fact he is not a criminal like those she works for and with. It is telling that, when she later supports Bond in killing a crook, she immediately loses interest in him.

Tatiana sleeps with Bond at their first meeting, she has been ordered to do so by SPECTRA, just as Bond has been so instructed by M. Her ideological conversion is post-sex, but Fleming seems to imagine that both Tatiana may have planned a defection to the West before meeting Bond (in result of Kimble's Indian attack, perhaps). However, most of the evidence suggests that her conversion must be put down to Bond's presence and the sexual magnetism she feels he exudes.

Pussy is Fleming's caricature Indian gangster and one of Bond's most definitive conquests: that Pussy abandons Goldfinger is the very last moment that is, after the end of *Port Royal*. Clearly the decision to desert reflects her sudden realization that Bond represents a better route to safety than does Goldfinger. One can't really count this as an ideological transformation. However, the decision was made entirely by Pussy, her contact with Bond in the joint having been only minimal and side sexual. It is then quite important for Bennett and Woodhouse to write:

in repositioning Pussy's future sexuality, Bond also repositions her ideologically, drawing her from the service of the villain and recruiting her in support of his own mission (p17).

In summary, probably only one woman changes ideological sides after sleeping with Bond, two do so independently of him, one doesn't at all, and one does after having spent time with Bond, but not having slept with him. This is most support indeed for Bond's theory.

Fiona Volpe says to Bond in *Thunderbolt*,

Then Bond, who only has to stain him as a woman, and she starts to lose heavily about sleeping, like typical and immediately returns to the side of right and virtue.

This may be the perception of Fiona and several others, but again the evidence doesn't support it. Of the 14 men associates of villains, eight don't change sides after having slept with Bond and three cases are ambiguous. As with, two where experience ideological conversion before going the hero into bed.

Of the five women discussed above, the first to be transformed to the screen was Tatiana (Dimitra Mesimeri). Her ideological conversion is left until the last moment, no doubt for reasons of suspense. When the evil Russ Kimble (Lynn Larye) orders the hotel suite, Tatiana looks on if she has no intentions of giving Kimble away to Bond. It is only after she has left the room that she takes the step of siding with Bond (in the West). Her situation in Bond must be regarded as a primary factor in her decision.

Pussy (Honor Blackman) converts after sleeping with Bond on the sterile top. Tatiana in the novel, here she is sexually and ideologically repositioned by Bond.

Tiffany (Jill St John) begins on the "wrong" side and ends on the "right", shifted by Bond

# BOND WOMEN IN BOOKS

- *Casino Royale* - Vesper Lynd
- *Live And Let Die* - Simone (Solitaire) Laruelle
- *Moonraker* - Goldie (Gold) Blood
- *Diamonds Are Forever* - Tiffany Case
- *From Russia, With Love* - Tatiana (Tina) Romanova
- *Dr. No* - Honeychile (Honey) Baker
- *Goldfinger* - Jill Masterton, Tilly Masterton, Pussy Galore
- *Thunderbolt* - Dominette (Domine) White
- *The Spy Who Loved Me* - Vesper Lynd
- *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* - La Contessa Teresa (Teresa) Di Vincenzo, Ruby Winchester
- *You Only Live Twice* - Kristy Sangle
- *The Man With The Golden Gun* - Mary Goodnight

But she is such a twisty character that no one knows in what direction she will fly off on next.

Solitaire (Just Seymore) does not appear to have planned to escape from Mr Big's by Kneeing (Thefted Bond) before meeting Bond, though she is clearly scared of her boss. And she changes sides long before sleeping with Bond. In fact, she lies to Mr Big about a secret meeting on Bond's first visit. It is true she is rewarded by having driving the Lotus car, but Bond can hardly be held responsible for that.

As to others on the 'wrong' side, entering non-Fleming examples are Felicia Blush, May Day, Anya Amoreva and Paula Ventura.

Paula Ventura (Paula Patterson) is a boss. Bond speaks because he suspects her motives. Later, Bond tells her with the Q-designed pen, having failed totally to repetition her ideological.

May Day (Juste Fored) does change sides, and (nearly) after a session at bed with Bond. But there is no indication that it was the marriage (fact) rather, it is because she has been abandoned by her boss.

Anya Amoreva (Barbara Bach) is a Russian most ordered in a temporary spirit of detente to work with Bond. She is hardly on the 'wrong' side, though, because the boss of The Spy Who Loved Me, as with several others, suggests that deep down Russia and Britain are really allies (especially where SPECTRE is concerned). However, Anya has a personal purpose in that she wishes to avenge her lover's death as Bond's friend. But she works on her resolve after having sleep with Bond — an ideological success of sorts.

Paula Ventura (Paula Patterson) is another Russian spy who sleeps with Bond in a spirit of detente, but with double-cross in mind. She fails to cheat him out of a recording, just as she fails to repetition her.

## Bond repurchases girls of "dislocated" or "deviant" sexuality.

This is a work maintained by Fleming, and Woolfson, in, as different terms, by Eco. First, from Bond And Beyond:

"What, then, is the function of the girl within the narrative?... First, she mediates a problem of knowledge: a troubling enigma which Bond must resolve. This enigma takes the form of a disturbing 'out of place'ness: in the respect that, in varying degrees and in different ways, 'the girl' departs from the requirements of femininity as specified by patriarchal ideology" (111).

Further on the authors write:

Once the mystery of 'the girl's' displaced sexuality has been accounted for, the problem she poses is one of sexual will. Bond successfully responds to the challenge of winning her sexual responsiveness and, thereby, 'normality' reclaims her within the patriarchal order! Usually, of course, he does. In this respecting to the challenge posed by 'the girl', pushing her back into place beneath her (male) sexuality and metaphorically, Bond functions as an agent of the patriarchal order... (114)

Of the 13 Bond women, the label of sexual "out-of-place"ness" applies meaningfully to only five women.

Penny Golovoy was raped at 12 and is a lesbian. She finally sleeps with Bond, as seen above, after having changed to the side of 'right' and after Bond's reaction has been

# BOND WOMEN IN FILM

CONNERY'S BOND		
FILM	WOMEN ASSOCIATED WITH VILLAIN	OTHER WOMEN
<b>DR. NO</b> (1962)	Mrs Taro (Zora Hovard)	Sylvia Trench (Julius Cayman) Honey Ryder (Gerald Anderson)
<b>FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE</b> (1963)	Tatiana Romanova (Daniela Bianchi)	Sylvia Trench Vale (Alice Gao) Zora (Marianne Hovard)
<b>GOLDFINGER</b> (1964)	Bill Hamilton (Shirley Eaton) Penny Golovoy (Marianne Hovard)	
<b>THUNDERBALL</b> (1965)	Domonique (Domonique Darval) (Claudine Auger) Penny Golovoy (Marianne Hovard)	Patricia (Melody Patterson)
<b>YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE</b> (1967)	Shigeo Hiroshi (Karin Lee)	Ali (Akiko Wakabayashi) Romy (Mae Harma)
<b>DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER</b> (1970)	Tiffany Case (Lee St John)	
<b>NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN</b> (1983)	Felicia Blush (Barbara Bach) Domonique (Karin Lee)	Babesman girl (Valerie Lynn) Patricia (Melody Patterson)
MOORE'S BOND		
<b>LIVE AND LET DIE</b> (1973)	Boris (Clare Boothe Luce) Solitaire (Juste Fored)	Indian agent (Melody Patterson)
<b>THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN</b> (1974)	Andrea Anderson (Marianne Hovard)	Mary Goodnight (Melody Patterson)
<b>THE GY WHO LOVED ME</b> (1977)	Shirley (Ray Foy) Anye Amoreva (Barbara Bach)	Arab girl
<b>MOONRAKER</b> (1979)	Caroline Dalloway (Cynthia Clay)	Memoirs (Melody Patterson) Hilly Goodnight (Lee St John)
<b>FOR YOUR EYES ONLY</b> (1981)		Melina Hamilton (Carolyn Bessner) Catherine Lee (Claudine Hovard)
<b>QOTOPUSST</b> (1983)	Domonique (Marianne Hovard) Maggie (Karin Lee)	
<b>A VIEW TO A KILL</b> (1985)	Max Day (Cynthia Clay) Paula Ventura (Marianne Hovard)	Paula's sister (Melody Patterson)

Note: This chart is only of women with whom Bond has presumably had sexual relations, "presumably" because it is not always easy to tell. For instance, all Bond is seen to do "sexually" with Melina Hamilton (Carolyn Bessner) is enter a nude room. But this is because of sexual discretion is clear. But what of Ling (Tina Chen) in the beginning of You Only Live Twice? She is seen naked by bed with Bond, but before arrives to Ali (Akiko Wakabayashi) that they were interrupted by the nearby police. It is also revealed that Ling is an agent working with the British to help take Bond's identity. Thus, she is seen to be by the police purely for her's sake, and it is thus unlikely, given all the evidence, that anything sexual happened. Ling has thus not been included.

completes, her legs tucked out into space. She enters Bond's vision on the ship which has returned alive.

She was wearing nothing but a grey fishermen's grey that was almost by half as much. She said, "People jump on asking if I'd like an alcohol rub and I keep on saying that if someone's going to rub me it's you, and if I'm going to be rubbed with anything it's you. I'd like to be rubbed with." She looked lovely, the true I am. (Goldfinger, p106-7)

Clearly it is Pussy who is making the moves, free from any pressure from Bond. It is she who has independently opted to try heterosexual sex. How then can Bennett and Woodlawn claim that Bond has raped her sexually? How can they write of "the challenge of 'complete obedience'" which he faces in relation to Pussy" (p118), or refer to it as a "task"? The text does not read that way.

Tiffany Case was also raped, by a gang of locals when she was 16. She is lonely and scared. And, as mentioned above, she finds Bond attractive as much for his moral lightness as for his sensuality. Tiffany and Bond are much delighted in making love and, despite her being horrified by gangsters straight after, it is a happy sexual relationship that develops. They even discuss marriage, after having lived together for some time, but she finally decides to marry an American Marine Cargis Maye (British values don't triumph here). It is odd, then, that Bennett and Woodlawn should write,

the world in which the Bond girl is cast is not unsexually feminine. Confronted to the female "equal but yet subordinate" her destiny is not to be a homewife — in *Bondsmen Are Pleased* (initially *From Russia With Love*), Tiffany Case falls with this possibility, but only to reject it. (p121)

One should note here, too, that Bond married Tracy and was accepted by Vegas, but the day before the wedding. Gals marry another. There is no evidence that the other Bond women remain unmarried, or should wish to.

Homebody Roks is raped at 12 and is a "virgin" at 18. Fleming may portray her as an innocent, or "unfeminine", but she has no sexual being yet. And when she finally meets a suitable partner, she has no hesitations about sleeping with him, although, in so many Fleming novels, consummation is delayed by outside forces.

Tilly Masterson is often viewed as a lesbian (e.g. by Bennett and Woodlawn), but that is a mis-reading of the text. Fleming has Bond think that,

Tilly Masterson was one of those girls whose homosexuality had got mixed up. Pockets of both sexes were everywhere, not yet completely heterosexual, but confused, not knowing what they were. (Goldfinger, p209)

(The omniscient narrative voice refrains to offer an opinion on this.) But whatever Tilly's sexual labelling, she is one of the select few not to have slept with Bond. So there is no sexual relationship here.

Tracy is Virginia as precocious and possibly in need of psychiatric help. Fleming describes her as "A girl with a wing, perhaps one, down" (On Her Majesty's Secret Service, p88). She is Fleming's most sexualised female, partly because of a short, unhappy marriage and the early death of the infant child. Her first sexual experience with Bond is a loveless one. Tracy "regret[s]" his explicit devility at the wedding bed, it is a long time before they

most often, but, when they do, both realise they have found an ideal union. But Tracy is killed after the ceremony and it is Bond who becomes "dedicated" as he struggles through the first section of *For Only Love Is True*.

Then, then, represent the prototypical "dedicated" woman. Other possibilities, though ultimately rejected, are Solomani and Firestone.

Solomani is said to be a virgin by Mr. Big (p11), but Bond doubts she has been resistant to men (p12). And she has no qualms about sleeping with Bond, or even sexually teasing him. But she is delayed in consummating her interest by Bond's broken finger and then by his being bitten by a tarantula.

Firestone Michel was orphaned at eight and has had two unhappy love affairs (p12), one ending in an abortion. Fleming, describing her last unhappy, last but not least, "... I had been a

bird with a wing down. Now I had been shut in the other." (On Her Majesty's Secret Service, p89). Despite these subtexts, Firestone exhibits no sexual or psychological hang-ups, again, she is just someone waiting for a suitable lover.

Bennett and Woodlawn also argue for including Gals Bond. They see her as having a "contingent femininity" (p114), but serve this opinion on the next page as a "virgin". She is certainly not dedicated; anyway, she turns Bond down.

Two other Bennett and Woodlawn misreadings are Vegas and Domino, for a "challenging aggressiveness" (p118). I can find no evidence in the texts to support this reading. Rather, Fleming portrays them, as he does almost all his women, as being independently minded. There is no aggressiveness in their behaviour with men, and Bennett and Woodlawn's "negative" description of Domino" as being



BOND WOMEN? George Lazenby and his women



# R·E·V·I·E·W·S

- Bushfire Moon
- Comedies
- Full Metal Jacket
- Innerspace
- Ishtar
- I've Heard The Mermaids Singing
- Jean De Florette
- The Lost Boys
- The Pick-Up Artist
- Prick Up Your Ears
- The Time Guardian
- The Year My Voice Broke

## ● BUSHFIRE MOON

The first *Bushfire Moon* miracle occurred some 30 years ago when a little American writer called Jeff Peck — the creative and writer of the film — pitched a letter (Jeff does not just write, he "pitches letters") to Walt Disney telling him that his films were terrific and that some day he would like to work for him. In reply he received an encouraging letter and an autographed photo as well.

The next miracle occurred when Jeff Peck, now adult, living happily in Australia and still treasuring that photo, got an our own Australian Christmas schlock in the form of *Bushfire Moon*, and sold it to — go on, guess — Walt Disney!

The film, set in 1880 and packed with still more miracles, follows well-worn tracks, tracks worn by Dickens, Barbara Cleveland and an eternity of family films from our cultural hero, Walt Disney.

Patrick O'Day is married to Elizabeth, who is American, and they have two children, Sarah, who is 17 and "Mousering" — the eight-year-old Ned. They all live together in drought-induced poverty on land which has been compulsorily acquired from their neighbor, the rich Mr Watson.

Sargeo — I mean Mr Watson — having lost his wife some years before, is vile to all and particularly vile to Patrick, Elizabeth, Sarah and Ned which means a pray as he has a presentable 18-year-old son called Angus and, as we know, Sarah is blossoming. Moreover he (Mr Watson) has a lake and they (the O'Days) have a drought and no money for the Christmas presents Ned wants so badly. Mr Watson is British to the boot straps (or wants to be), rich, powerful and a bully, and the O'Days are virtuous, down on their luck, downcast and presumably of Irish connection.

Once the score comes Max Bell, a swaggle and a lovable rogue who presides, with the aid of a little blackmail, so right the wrong, bring out the best in everyone and effect a happy ending. (An ending which despite Jeff Peck's stated rejection of "magical solutions in films" could be predicted within the first 10 minutes.)

George Miller directs *Bushfire Moon* with the professionalism that one would expect from one who has *The Man From Snowy River* to his name, and manages (most of the time) to make a plot which lurches between dramatic tension, farce, corn and satire, all heavily enrobed with good old tooth rot, into a rollicking story. The Australian backdrops really

are breathtaking, the pace is fast with no time wasted in setting the scene and a smashing lot of slapstick demonstrates that George Miller can handle comedy with ease. (The rickshaw guy will probably turn a generation of Australians into vegetarians.)

The period clothing is a bit odd. The virtuous poor remain over-clean and over-dressed while the wicked rich went right over the top in the vulgarity stakes. Doubtless it was all supposed to add up to something but it reminded me painfully of amateur dramatists.

John Watson plays Patrick O'Day, giving the part every grain of his strong silent masculinity. Dee Wallace Stone does her apple pie motherhood thing for the American market (she previously appeared in *E.T.*). Nadine Garner makes Sarah blossom with charm. In fact all are more than equal to the demands placed upon them, but two are outstanding.

Charles (Bud) Tingwell as Max Bell is, as he often is, exceptional. He looks at home as his stagey group from his big black beard to his Claps Ruffery hat and the challenge of being Father Christmas, an Australian Swaggle and a Lovable Rogue rolled into one is met with a relaxed and amused charm. As always, he can upstage everyone, including an enchanting dingy pup whose performance, as the dingy pup, is to be commended.

Andrew Fergusson as the eight-year-old Ned is also remarkable. It is not an easy part; Ned does not resemble any eight-year-old Australian made of my acquaintance — for one thing he is positively chunky whereas most of the eight-year-olds I know communicate in the 16 grams of the chimpanzee. But for all his verbal sophistication Ned is a remarkably naive child compared to the sophisticated TV child of today. With an infectious non-Andrew makes it all look easy.

I have no doubt that this film will add to the kinship of an Australian Christmas for years to come. It is well made, well acted and highly commercial. But whether it displays old-fashioned virtues and prejudices which have stood the test of time or whether its morals and assumptions are as out-of-time as its wardrobe I leave to the next generation of grandmothers.

It is not a film made specifically for children but a film in which children play their parts — perhaps for the amusement of adults. Any eight-year-old can easily take his or her great-grandmother to see it — so long as she is not craving the stimulation of ideas



appropriate to the 1990s. If you have the right sort of great-grandfather for this film take a large box of tissues, and see that she cleans her teeth afterwards.

*Janet Guss*

**BUSHFIRE MOON** Directed by George Milne. Producers: Peter Bailey and Robert La T6. Screenplay: Jeff Page. Director of Photography: David Carroll. Editor: Tim Williams. Production designer: David Bailey. Music: Bruce Russell. Cast: Les Wallace (John Hardy), John Waters (Frank), Graham T. Rogers (Max Bell), Bill West (Ivor), Jennifer Muller-Somer (Sarah), David P. (Angus), Andrew Purgatori (Doc). Production company: Entertainment Media. Distribution: Village Roadshow. Stars: 104 minutes. Australia: 1997.

## • COMRADES

In 1924 six Dorset labourers were arrested, not for joining a Friendly Society, which was their right, but for the swearing of illegal oaths. As a result of the cramped-up charges (glancing reference is made to the King's brother and the Orange Lodge, with its secret oaths and meetings), the Tolpuddle six were transported to Australia. They were pardoned two years later as a result of agitation from the London-Dorset Committee and others.

Their story is rightly seen as a landmark in the trade union movement and Bill Douglas's film pays accurate tribute to the solidarity of the working class then, and by implication, urges such rigorous coherent now. Against a backdrop of changing seasons, an lowering skies and sudden rains give way to the bustle of spring and the gold of summer harvest, Douglas involves a life of grueling work and of desperate poverty as well as, say, the sudden gusty of a sailor dancing a hornpipe at the village fair. There, he is careful and honest enough not to depict these lives as joyless. They are not rooted in hate and family and community for that. Hardly, though, has the sheer inhumanity of physical labour been as convincingly depicted on the screen: the film takes work and working lives with absolute seriousness, in ways that recall both Hardy and Bruegel.

The first half of this immensely long film slowly and painstakingly builds up the background to the arrest of the six labourers. There is an intense realism, visual and almost tactile, it seems, in these scenes of haymaking, of carpentry, of sparse family meals, but ultimately it is not realism which Douglas is primarily after. What in fact he seems to have sought is a genuinely open quality, achieving a Brechtian interplay between outside environment and distancing observation. One is moved by the individual lives dramatised before one, but is constantly made aware of the elements of chance so potently at work in their predicament.

The chief means by which this is effected is the use of an itinerant lanternist who arrives in Tolpuddle after seeing the brutal suppression of an outbreak of machine-unmuzzling by labourers whose wages have been cut to below subsistence level. The lanternist, played by a Douglas regular, Alex Norton, turns up in various guises, most often in concert with the film's insistence on the apparatus of illusion. He is, far rather, a theatrical artist in colonial New South Wales, an outdoor photographer whose heliograph is inadvertently destroyed, as well as engaging with other pre-cinema optical devices and presenting various theatrical performances. As well, there are carefully composed and elegantly lit shots of silhouetted figures, a fluted glass door which reveals three different images, depending on the angle of viewing, and an animated map which records the journey from England to Botany Bay.

Douglas himself has claimed "when I wanted to suggest what the saga



**BUSHFIRE MOON** Andrew Purgatori



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## • JEAN DE FLORETTE

In 1944, Claude Bessi's *digress*, *Jean De Florette* and *Maman Des Saisons*, were the cinema annals of the year in France. Their adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's novel *L'Am de Celine* was a \$17 million project, which took 36 weeks of filming, a crew of 500 extras, 15,000 ft of vegetation, 12,000 carottes, 2000 rabbits and 12 ancient olive trees — not the usual requirements of French cinema. The two films were shot simultaneously.

Both *Jean De Florette* and *Maman Des Saisons* are, for French audiences, unmistakably French. Marcel Pagnol is still widely read, and considered the best advocate of his native Provence, but the story goes beyond cultural boundaries. It deals with the eternal impudence of tragedy in the classical sense.

The moving drama of the idealism in the face of greed and cunning against a background of hostility, both from the village and the elements, could be relegated to the category of family feud, if it weren't for the intervention of forces which are bigger than the human character.

The central theme of *Jean De Florette* is the human condition itself, struggling with three hostile forces. It concerns the battle between good and evil, and the human character is but one factor in this Malthusian vision. The brave, good, virtuous Jean Chabrier (Gérard Depardieu) cannot the gods with his quixotic quest to live off the land, and his pathetic devotion of nature. He is a very man — he does not belong, because he does not understand. His knowledge is scientific and rational, but he does not know the land or the elements. Jean also carries a hereditary burden. His mother, now dead, left the village under a cloud.

The tragic trap is set before he arrives, with the death of his relative Papet Bordigue, which the audience witnesses as a murder, or at least as manslaughter, perpetrated by Papet (Yves Montand) in the presence of Ugalis (Daniel Auteuil), because they both want his land.

Jean, by claiming his inheritance, represents not only the innocent in the wilderness but a genuine obstacle to Papet and Ugalis, and he unknowingly brings back from the past a feud between families and villages of which he seems to know nothing, but which controls his reactions.

The mechanism of the tragedy is set. It needs only a little prod to get the juggernaut in motion, and Jean is only too willing to provide it with his innocence, naïveté, naïve audacity, and especially with his trust in Ugalis. Once in motion, there is no turning back, and we watch the tragedy unfold in its inescapable outcome. Even the respite provided by the temporary return of the new settler does not allow us to hope, because of Papet's cunning running

like a *Witte* through the film.

Like valiant, Papet and Ugalis spy on their prey, and watch and there is one moment after another behind the wretched Jean. The whole village is watching also, some have suspicions about Papet, but they express this among themselves. The outsider has no place among them.

There is an order of things, of people, a network of belonging to a group, to a land. The relationships are not, here, violent accusations, but everyone stands for something. The land is kind, but it is in the order of things. Knowledge of the land means survival. Deceit means death.

Jean, with his unique vision, defies the order, where the elements, people and the land, have a specific place and relationships. In time, he must be crushed.

We witness every stage of his destruction, through a dramatic compression of time, in the exhausting and repetitive tasks of fetching water — hoping against hope, watching for a sign from the heavens, in which he has invested so much trust, and resorting to all measures of human ingenuity to avoid the inevitable disaster.

As the pace of human efforts and the struggles against the breaking apart become more intense, we see Jean drinking more heavily, digging his

own the parched earth, and using dynamite to defeat the rock and release the life-giving water.

The struggle of death, Papet and Ugalis, are watching, commenting harshly on the destruction of Jean, neither more acutely than in the scene where Jean is digging a well, and looks up to Ugalis standing on the edge, talking and discouraging him. Gerard Depardieu's rendering of the character's vulnerability is nowhere more apparent than his moving smile and imploring eyes, when he and attempts to convey hope in this final enterprise against the elements.

The final climax is reached when the thunderstorm brings rain only to the other side of the mountains, and Jean, overwhelmed by anger and failure, screams out to the heavens. "I am a hamlet, do you think it is easy for me? There is no-one up there! No-one!" It is a defiance to God by the broken hero, representative of other defiance to other gods by the tragic heroes of antiquity.

The denouement is expected, as in a Greek tragedy. Jean has been defamed and has paid with his life, for disturbing an order, which he did not know was there.

We feel that the story does not end here. There is a warning to the animalistic opposing of the two antagonists.



JEAN DE FLORETTE: Daniel Auteuil and Gérard Depardieu





## • THE YEAR MY VOICE BROKE

In many ways, *The Rest My Place* stands as an undeniably vital film as one might expect to see emerging from the Australian film industry. From a modernist perspective, it is guilty of all the usual vices that we see in our films and television: It's a period piece, it's firmly locked into a mythical country setting, and (because of horror), it's inimitable. From a socio-political perspective it's also guilty, not being about marginalized minority groups, nuclear testing, women or the problems of single mothers. And from the marketing point of view, the film hardly has legs in a market where phantoms creepers, young Ewings and Giant Australian Historical Events are the order of the day.

As Australian films and television move toward the 'big' themes of the international marketplace, John Duggan's *The Year My Voice Began* manages to (mostly) make fresh air out of a very old story. That is, success is a testament to Duggan's increasing skill as a writer and director.

An archetypal Australian country town, surrounded by rolling green hills and complete with the obligatory main street, forms the backdrop for this gentle story. It's all there — the old pubs, the take-away shops, even an old cinema — and it's bathed in that warm golden glow that the early morning sun seems to create in film landscapes.

It is an old-fashioned film but John Woo has managed to combine the elements into a satisfying whole, a delicate myth of an unrequited childhood. The story simply revolves around a teenage love triangle, complicated by the mysterious secret of a haunted house.

Dunay (Nech Taylor) is the cute school girl, cast as a '68 Polono, introverted, early career manager, unable to realize her passion for the wild and humorous Freya (Loren Corman) in a seductive Lolitaesque performance. Freya is in turn enamored of the school boy, Trevor (Ben Mendelsohn). Trevor is not a greatly sophisticated youth — he's given to smugging cars and he has the unfortunate laugh of someone who is not playing with the full deck. Despite these drawbacks, it is Trevor who Freya is set on and it is a measure of Loren Corman's performance that it allows us to see why.

The basic playing out of this triangle propels the film along. What raises *Face* above these creaky old clichés is the way in which Dargatzis supercharges the atmosphere, drawing heightened performances from his three leads and portraying the central characters with charm, wit and a wealth of delicate touches that give the film a special edge. A story like this is always on danger of falling into cliche traps, but Dargatzis generally manages to avoid these and builds a convincing picture of the

modulating duration of first intrusion

Thompson's world is a poetic one, in which he dwells between the wonders of hypnosis, sex, godliness, space travel and the common cares of teenage adolescence. He may be a sandy boy in this country town, but what he does have is style, which although self-conscious and clumsy, is delicious.

Frya is in another world. Slightly older — and a year in teenage terms can be like a decade at any other time — she is a markedly beautiful character, streaked with a native charm and a sensuousness that always seems to be in danger of boiling over.

To Freya, the wild Taurus with his ungoverned and self-destructiveness is a living object of desire. Her feelings for Danny are merely carnal, although at times her charitable heart nudged Danny to distract himself from her intense passion.

Around the triangle, Deegan creates a slightly less successful group of secondary characters, mostly of the conservative country type that we have seen in many other Australian films. There is Percy's alcoholic stepfather, mostly played by a very red-headed Graham Bondell. And strong support for Percy also comes from his younger sister Gail (Anna Colwell).

Robert Sparrow attempts a stand out as an eccentric railway worker who is writing the great Australian exotic novel while turning himself into an alcoholic. Although providing some comic relief, the character is probably cut of place in the paralyzing web of the novel.

A tendency to overwrite is probably the greatest weakness of the script. In the second half of the film *Dangan* seems to resolve plot elements by harping the script around melodrama — not intrinsically a bad thing but, in the context of what has gone before, not necessarily satisfactory. The focus of the film shifts from an exploration of the characters into a kind of loose supernatural guff, but this is neither fully embraced nor dismissed out of hand. Thankfully, the true essence of the story — the relationship between the three central characters does remain itself — and the director used to implicate the men of the town into a collective guff before taking back into the town novel department from whence it came.

There are a few problems only towards the surface of the film slightly. The electric performances of the three leads carry it through, as does Dunbar's delicate feel for the right visual and aural sensation at the right time. The opening scenes of the rolling hills of the Australian countryside, and Dunbar's appearance in the landscape could have been associated by many less talented directors, but it is perhaps the additional musical touch of "The Luck of Australia" that raises this over the sublime. Similarly, there is a point in the film where Dunbar and Freya are talking at night, for a moment





## •PRICK UP YOUR EARS

Joe Orton was on the cusp of a writer — his second play *Loaf* had only recently won the 1967 *Evening Standard* and *Play* and *Playgoer* Best Play of the Year — when his lover of 15 years, Kenneth Halliwell, bludgeoned him to death with a hammer. An exotic gay love story gone wrong, and one of the more profound losses modern British theatre has had to sustain.

It's a substantial tribute to those who have made the film of Orton's life (or death) that they have not been afraid to be frank, without ever resorting to the sort of delay and opportunistic scene manipulation to which Fassbinder has recently been subjected. The film is, from this point of view, a model of its kind.

It's also witty and intelligent. It genders the tensions and contradictions of life and art, yet never labours these themes. A difficult film to make, though you'd hardly notice watching the deft treatment it has been given by director Stephen Frears and his team. A lot of the success runs with Alan Bennett's masterly screenplay, 10 years in the making.

Orton grew up in boring working-class suburbs in northern Leicester (as did Frears, coincidentally). His mother pushed him to become something, but going down to London on a scholarship to London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art was not what she expected. He was a boy with nothing much to offer swinging London in its heyday but talent.

Normally that is not quite enough, in a place where class and connections still count for a lot. Orton's bold play was to turn what others saw as his shortcomings into a devastating armoury of weapons, which transformed what could well have been a passing wit into the most powerful writer of the age.

It was at RADA that Orton met Halliwell, also a student, but 15 years his senior. To a naive young lad, Matti will had a lot to offer, besides the small tastes they shared for the duration of their relationship. Both inclined with little imagination, they set to co-writing novels, defacing library books, and creating a mural from images cut out of these books which covered a whole wall in their tiny room.

They went to jail for stealing and defacing the books, caught in a manner fulfilling one of Orton's best scenes. Such moments are handled lightly in the film, Frears liking the style a little higher than the rest of the film — bringing to life scenes another filmmaker might have been happy merely to describe.

There was for a long time a totally enclosed world, where Halliwell traded education and art for human contact. Trouble started when Joe's writing began to attract attention. Orton and

Joe's, as Halliwell would have had it — but that's not how many others saw it. Peggy Ramsay, a leading agent, spotted the talent, and from that moment Halliwell's life was reduced to shadow. It was his women, and the daily headlines news which went with it, which probably drove Halliwell to the brink and beyond.

In an interesting writerly stroke, Bennett reverses the line of the story in a subplot. Biographer John Lahr, played by Wallace Shawn (with some wit) has a wife who helps out but is never recognized either.

In other ways, Bennett works boldly to reduce the swirling crowded world of artistic London to a few key, consciously manageable people.

In an equally inspired stroke, Frears casts Gary Oldman as Joe — Oldman having been so successful in that other recent 'real life' role, *Sat*, in *Sat And Nasty*. It's another superb portrayal, cool, relaxed, always on the edge of impatience — what a great way to capture Orton's subversive way of life.

One can see why Alfred Molina might have been cast in the Halliwell role. Not just an impostor, he brings with him a sort of European sensibility. Halliwell was foreign, different, but for some reason, and all due respect to the actor, the wrongy doesn't quite come off. Some thing must have bound these two men together — yet, on the screen, no real message to find out exactly what. Perhaps they simply, in the end, chose of

freedom, just didn't reach enough.

While the film meticulously avoids moralising, Molina's Europeanism seems to give rise to a sensation where, without much else to go by, one sometimes forgets that it is *staring* London. One would hardly suspect Frears would ever look such an issue carefully, given the trouble he went to and success he had in showing a different London in his previous film, the delightful, powerful, *My Beautiful Laundrette*.

This time again, there's the wit and whirly, the eye for detail, the precise intelligence, and what looks very much like a genuine care for the subject. There's also, within the current tradition of British cinema, more concrete, concrete marches to the filmmaking itself. Especially the way one suddenly finds oneself, just occasionally, subtly moved into what looks and feels very much like a scene in one of Orton's own plays. Art cuts up, not just life, but other art too.

James Whelan

**PRICK UP YOUR EARS** Directed by Stephen Frears. Producer: Graham Smith. Screenplay: Alan Bennett. Based on the biography by John Lahr. Director of photography: Oliver Stapleton. Production designer: Hugo Lucien Hyndrie. Music: Barry Mark. Editor: John Hughes. Cast: Gary Oldman (Joe Orton), Alfred Molina (Kenneth Halliwell), Vanessa Redgrave (Peggy Ramsay), Wallace Shawn (John Lahr), Lindsay Duncan (Peggy Lahr), Julie Walters (Alice Orton), James Gandolfini (John Orton), Frances Barber (Laura Orton), Janet Dine (Mrs. Stanger), Gwyneth Jones (Mrs. Stanger), Production company: Centralvision, in association with British Screenplay Fund International. Distributor: CFI. Approx. 140 min. rates. Great Britain 1987.



PRICK UP YOUR EARS: Gary Oldman



ROBERT COLE/STUDIO CITY

## • INNERSPACE • THE PICK-UP ARTIST

There are a few good reasons for considering Joe Dante's *Innerspace* and James Toback's *The Pick-Up Artist* to be the new cinema. Firstly, both are less successful works by directors who are always fascinating and have at least once in their careers thus far produced brilliant, unforgettable films (*Gremlins* and *Playin' Possum* respectively). Both projects can be imagined as having over their heads wider, tougher, less compromised subjects — subject to the same Film Industry forces that visit *The Color Of Money* from Scorsese or *The Untouchables* from De Palma. And looming behind each of these new films, at the dark heart of compromise, is a powerful, charismatic producer figure — Steven Spielberg for Dante and Warren Beatty for Toback. (Beatty's name does not appear in the credits of *The Pick-Up Artist* but his decisive role in the production is colorfully outlined in David Thomson's Beatty biography to be reviewed in the next issue.)

*Innerspace* comes out to seriously wonder whether there is anything productive in the Spielberg-Dante partnership beyond the on-off wonder of *Gremlins* — a film which is, after all, as much anti-Spielberg as it is explorative of his art and craft. Dante seems now very much the lesser, the subaltern, in this relation. *Innerspace* is a sad mess — as far from the radical, cheeky, innovative potential of Dante's filmmaking as can be imagined. After *Gremlins*, Dante spoke of his wish to go further into the "weird", unconventional aspects of Film Fantasy (see *Prime 58*, July-August 1985). Dante aficionados know precisely what brand of weird he's talking about: early *Mad* magazine, the Warren Brothers cartoons of Tex Avery or Chuck Jones, unconstrained Jerry Lewis. *Innerspace* held out the delicious promise of being the ultimate Beatty inflection: a no-holds-barred live-action cartoon about the human body both inside and out, and the transgression of its limits.

So much for high hopes. *Innerspace* takes over the old *Fastlane* Pipeline

promise of one person in a space craft (Dennis Quaid) miniaturized inside another person (Martin Short). Making sense of even the basic fictional premise of the film beyond this point poses considerable problems: it leaps all over the place, trying out one possible Quaid/Short relation and then another. For the most part, it's not a film about the body at all — except for one freakish, delicious moment of bodily transformation — but more simply one about conscience, with Quaid acting here as Short's ego or id (speering on his emotional development), and there is his misprop (hey, don't look at my girlfriend like that!). However, whenever the plot requires it, Quaid is suddenly able to completely program and manipulate Short's body (pumping up his adrenaline level on the computer board). Throughout, the film goes to strenuous lengths — and here one must surely suspect the hand of Spielberg — to avoid anything even slightly sexy, slimy, and/or erotic inside the landscape of the human body: garish aid is employed as the most "sanitized" backdrop of objection for the big action scenes.

As usual with Dante, attempts at conventional character pabon crash very badly — and this is a film which starts on an interminable attempt to set up Quaid's rough-but-soft-like status along with the general emotional coordinates of the film (hilarity, wit, integrity, self-discovery, compromise).

None of this, and would like to say, is Dante's business. Maybe he knows it. The other big moment of the film — when Quaid enters his girlfriend's body via Short's mouth (uh-h) and discovers the focus of his unborn child — would be, if horrific, extraordinary. Beatty seems to throw it away out of acute awkwardness, leaving half the audience scratching its collective head. *Innerspace* is full of painfully misjudged notions for the film Dante obviously seems to make: a laboratory exhibit named Buge, a cameo by Chuck Jones, an elaborate but wasted gig involving villains reduced to pigmy size. Dante eventually settles for a few rare touches that are more like Frank Tashler than Tex Avery, such as the penultimate moment when Short chews three sub-plots to seven words. But these jokes amount to cold comfort. Maybe Beatty needs to get back with former colleagues: Roger Corman, John Bayley, Allan Arkush.

*The Pick-Up Artist* is an altogether happier, if somewhat similarly uncertain, affair. This film started out about six years ago as — believe it or not — a drama about "a man who wants to talk every woman but who still loves with his mother". The reporting date is 1981. David Thomson (in his book *Screennames*) remarked that "Toback might be the filmmaker to reveal how much the American male longs to know his mother. Wouldn't that have to be an underground picture?" As it turns out,

*The Pick-Up Artist* is certainly no underground picture. The mind boggles as to the intervening circumstances and reasons on that initial script — a project entirely in line with the tortured, neurotic angst laid out in every other Toback film (*The Gleaner* which he only wrote, and then *Fingers*, *Less And Money* and *Exposure*). In the film up for discussion, the mother has metamorphosed into a grandmother, and any sexual tension between her and the 30-year-old hero is entirely absent, in fact, the old dame seems to be still happily pursuing her own, utterly independent love life. If this is a James Toback film, then Toback must be a changed man.

Actually, it's hard to tell how obscure or how coloristically "rustic" Toback is being behind this film. Every obsessive Toback trait is there, unaltered: shocked, gaudy, vicious competition, psychological double hands, driven sex. Yet, instead of being compounded all into the main character (who is always a Toback stand-in), here the traits are spread around, shared, washed through without any particularly violent exteriority the large (Robert Downey, Jr.) womanizer, the woman he meets (Shelly Longwell) gambles, her father (Dennis Hopper) drinks, franchising of the characteristically Toback male-ruined, Oedipal script plays in the plot — Harvey Keitel as the criminal "father" who must be transgressed in order that the hero win the woman/object from his children — but here, for the first time, the woman is not an object, she has something to say and negotiate. (A distinct advance on *Exposure* where Toback merely treated his female formation upon a beach here.)

I haven't mentioned that *The Pick-Up Artist* is a comedy, at least, I think it's meant to be so. Toback's humor has previously always been of the particularly gloom, dark kind; here he joins on the trend of lightweight films trying to take over stars (like *Wingwalk*) and twin movie styles into a new genre of "young adulthood". Toback appears ill at ease with both a bare and his own age, and the mechanics of light comedy. This is where some of the uncertainties and



THE PICK-UP ARTIST Robert Downey and Shelly Longwell

confusing overlap appears why must this have to be an obligatory Toback hero with a love for day-snap music? Many of the ongoing comic premises — such as Downey and his best friend Danny Aiello never stopping to imagine that Hopper is Ringwald's father — are delivered honestly and somewhat implausibly (Toback is neither a *Rak* Reviewer nor a John Hughes with that maternal). When Toback tries to flip his typical signature scenes — such as when the failing hero tries to bluff his way out of a tight spot, and fails miserably (see *Fingers*) — into positive, happy, triumphant moments, it only half works.

Given these problems (and what I feel is the misreading of Downey, who never quite finds the right tone for the role), there is a lot of good news on *The Pick-Up Artist*. Toback's filmic style has previously lurched from excessive experiment (the relentless long takes in *Exposed*) to flat narration (*Love and Money*). He's discovered some fine new angles here, in particular a meaningfully expressive use of locations (subways, car parks, hotels, Coney Island). When he can bear to tear the same old day-snap off the soundtrack, Toback invents some startling image-sound rhythms and relations involving (among other things) rap and funk music. That's why, Toback explains with full strength what has always been his most unique interest — the relation of music characters to their features, highly individualized persons — and discovers an affinity with the most complex ideas of the great 1940s romantic comedies. In this regard *The Pick-Up Artist* evokes both *McClary* — the two principal characters having both to learn something and give up something, finding the mid-point between playing too much and not being able to play enough — and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* having to move beyond a certain rigid emotional (not normal) reserve, and the word-like relationship with a loving (not tyrannical) parent — *The Pick-Up Artist* is a little like Toback's version of *The Philadelphia Story*. You don't believe me? Well, check it out — and pay strict attention to that grandmother.

Adrian Martin

**THE PICK UP ARTIST** Directed by Jerry Toback. Produced by David L. Lasker/Geri Kornberg. Screenplay by David Lasker. Director of photography: Gordon Willis. Editors: David Forrester, Angela Comas. Production design: Paul Selton. Music: Thomas Desider. Cast: Billy Crystal (Henry), Robert Downey Jr. (Dennis), Danny Aiello (Hopper), Danny Aiello (Dad), Michael Gambon (Helen), Thomas Kretschmann (Ben), David Lasker (Production Company). Twentieth Century Fox Distributor. Fox Colorized. 120 min. R. Released: 12/24/91.

**INTERFERENCE** (Directed by Joe Davis. Produced by Peter Finkel. Executive producers: Steven Spielberg, Mike Glick, and Jim Peters. Coexecutive producers: Paul Mazursky and Kathleen Kennedy. Screenplay: James Rohrer and Greg Frown. Director of photography: Andrew Labadie. Editor: Scott Beckett. Production designer: James H. Sperner. Music: Jerry Goldstein. Cast: Dennis Quaid (Dr. Lynn Peterson), Helen Hunt (Claire Peters), Meg Ryan (Susan Stewart), Kevin McCarthy (Dr. Peter Stewart), Steven Lacey (Dr. Margaret Carter), Damon Kelly (Dr. John Peterson), Christopher Amundson (Dr. Robert Peterson), Patricia Richardson (Nurse).

Twentieth Century Fox Distributor. 120 minutes. 12/24/91.



I'VE HEARD THE MERMAIDS SINGING: Paula Ballinger

## • I'VE HEARD THE MERMAIDS SINGING

In her feature debut, *I've Heard The Mermaids Singing*, writer and director Patricia Rozema introduces us to Polly (Shirley MacLaine). She's quirky, a kind of urban innocent whose clumsiness, negative bias and charming naivety remind us of Greta Garbo.

In a video-taped "discovery-style" confession, Polly addresses the audience. She introduces the characters and narrates the events.

Polly describes herself as a "gal on the go", but avenges a journey without a destination. She has neither ambition nor direction and, despite working as a secretary, is not the least bit perturbed by being described as "compassionately inept". She's your hunching happy-go-lucky type who perfects casual poses to make and who wears asked (in a Japanese restaurant) what she wants from life, quips "A fish!"

On being interviewed for a secretarial position, Polly agrees to be used rather than employed. She teams up with Gabrielle St-Pierre (Paula Ballinger), curator of a trendy art gallery known as *The Church*. Inspired by Gabrielle's elegance, sophistication and apparent intelligence, Polly falls in love — "not having and all that stuff" but without any. At the gallery Polly witnesses, with gleeful fascination, pompous intellectual art talk. She's accused of mimicking "artistic awareness" for "a cute awareness." She also observes, through a security camera, the lesbian relationship between the Curator and a young artist named Mary Joseph (Anne-Marie McDonald).

In order to escape the relative torments of her own life, Polly slips into and out of a world of "fantasy." In this world, which is delineated by grayer black

and white footage, Polly flies, walks on water, hears the mermaids singing and even attends Gabrielle's wedding with her secret admirer.

Although elegant in discussing art, Gabrielle from that she is unable to create it. But Polly, when shown some of her work, is bowled over, and in an attempt to rid Gabrielle of her self-doubt, grabs one of the paintings and shows it to a critic. The Curator's work attracts immediate acclaim. Inspired by the sequence of events, Polly — a street photographer — sends Gabrielle some of her photographs under a pseudonym. The Curator dismisses them as "she tries make flesh", without realizing Polly is devastated. She burns her pictures and destroys the camera. Later, she discovers that the woman she has worshipped is a fraud, and her interest in photography wanes.

On a dramatic level the film brings us to the surface, but often fails to pursue, a diverse range of engaging issues.

Rozema draws analogies between Christianity (politics), High Art and the propensity for shallow Art as revealed in her novel *"The Church"*. Gabrielle St-Pierre (*Archangel*, *Calder*, *St. Peter*) is the master/interpreter of the "word" to humankind (Mary Joseph) the masses (Polly).

Implicit in these situations is an examination of the mechanics of belief, the status of knowledge. For instance, there are three separate ways of belief that alternate throughout the film — video address, the black and white sequences, central narrative — but none of these is ever allowed to assume a higher or more secure status of veracity. When Gabrielle is exposed, we're reminded that what looks certain is just the product of what we're prepared to believe. "We don't see things as they are, but as we are," in Rozema's words.

• The implications for the activity of criticism itself are clear.

In numerous ways the film is cinematically gynocentric. As critic, artist and photographer, the three women are vehicles of the film's "look." By positioning Polly as the narrator relating her experience, the audience adopts her point of view. The film's assumption that women are the passive recipients of the male gaze, that the spectator is, or should identify with a male, is undermined.

The film furthermore overturns and inverts patriarchal dominance in terms of the traditions of Religion and Art. Gabriella St-Pierre replaces St. Peter. Mary Joseph suggests an exclusively female identity in the representation of [body] family. Lesbian sexuality replaces the dominance of male sexuality inherent in the idea and representation of the love of God/Christ etc. for "Mankind."

The film makes other references to the representation of women in cinema. Rousseau refuses to classify women as one dimensional "types," to locate them in Nature rather than Culture. While rejecting the patriarchal assumption of heterosexuality, she dares to define lesbianism in stylish European fashion. But in this depiction, Rousseau is careful not to replicate conventional stabilizing pleasure systems. She declines to present women as isolated, sexified and on display, to disavow lesbianism and thereby reduce it to a spectacle.

The style of the film is intentionally whimsical, at once occasionally offbeat. The performances are skilful and the direction, particularly acute in the way that it differs complex scenes in an accessible fashion. The film sometimes falls into unnecessary romanticism, and some may find the language and metaphors overused. It's a film, however, that's likely to both engage and shock.

#### Shades of Comedy

THE HEARD THE MORMONS SINGING (Directed by Patricia Roberts. Executive producer: Don Hays. Producers: Patricia Roberts, Rosemary Ruddy. Scripting: Patricia Roberts. Director of photography: Louper Bloor. Editor: Patricia Roberts. Music: Mike Kivimä. Cost: Steve McCarthy [Polly involvement]. Production office: Gabriella St-Pierre, Joe-Marie McDonald, John Joseph, John Davis, Patricia Roberts, Rosemary Ruddy, Rosemary Ruddy, Rosemary Ruddy. Contact: Patricia Roberts, 1000 Broadway, New York, NY 10018. Distributor: A2 Films, 100 Avenue Canada, 1001.

## • ISHTAR

In spite of the scorn it has attracted, Elaine May's *Ishtar* should be the premise for some celebration. For with subtle intelligence (and high risk finance), *Ishtar* relates back to a 'lesser' tradition of Hollywood comedy found copaciously throughout the thirties, forties and fifties. In comparison to the sophisticated, screwball or romantic comedies of the same period it is a seemingly unworthy and no doubt neglected strand of comedy which we can call, with a few reservations, the luddite comedy. Alldott and Costello, Hope and



ISHTAR: Hoffman and Beatty in a quirky desertcom

Greedy, Lawton and Martin. Why this comedy has taken place should not be a cause for lament but an opportunity to speculate why this subgenre is 'on the beach' (with the proviso, of course, that something can be said about its comic underpinnings).

But such has been the state of affairs that the luddite comedy is not only 'on the beach' but appears as an aberration within more 'legitimate' forms of film comedy. The comic genius of Lewis, for instance, is generally considered to emerge post-1925, and therefore post-Martin (with the exception of some Twickenham-directed comedies) where Lewis can be more closely appreciated as the by-product of the same comic. Hope, if considered at all, could not rely on the *Red* pictures for comic acclaim, quite the reverse, while Alldott and Costello barely rate a mention. There seems to have been an unacknowledged law operating which displaces the luddite comedy from the 'mainstream' of film comedy to the 'fringe' of entertainment, with the fact of their serialisation (*The Road To Alldott And Costello's*) adding to the conception.

If, only for expediency's sake, we cite Kazan's two dominant modes of American film comedy — "the individual out of keeping with society" and "the man versus woman motif" — then we can see that while the luddite comedy shares in both, it belongs to neither. And for the comic scenes mentioned here, it is never all that clear how the luddite comedy — the extension of the radio or nightclub routine — is integrated into film. It is likely that the film's settings would have been elaborations of the nightclub act, these (frankly) unimpressive nothing more than supports for a string of one-liners. And it's therefore likely that the luddite comedy would have been regarded as separate, marginal and/or provincial, bearing little relation to the development of film

comedy in Kazan's sense.

But the luddite comedy is a hybrid form, like most other comic forms. What made it go unnoticed is that the nightclub routine was easily assimilated into film through popular self-reflexive mechanisms, even direct address. The playfulness of the nightclub was allowed for calculated playfulness with the medium. Take, for example, Bob Hope's refusal to end *The Road To Nowhere* by pushing "The End" off the screen, and his protestations — "Call the producer", "Call the writers" — at the sight of Bing exiting the picture, not only with Dorothy Lamour but Jane Russell as a bonus. If comic self-reflexivity has never been as direct as in this case, it cannot be absent at least to propose that film comedy, as most of its varied genres, wishes to integrate its subject matter with an understanding of the medium and what can be done with the medium, for transcendence is never pure and simple.

This provides a good enough point to begin to talk about *Ishtar*, for everything is so up there that it's likely to be named at unanticipated. Centring on the two central, Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton, and their respective characters, Lyle Rogers and Chuck Chalko, it seems inevitable *Ishtar* will at first offend, given the premise of two unimpressive women playing two object-lovers. As Andrew Sarris puts it in the *Village Voice*, Hoffman and Beatty endow it as an indirect form of self-congratulation for having become big stars that makes fun of all the poor wretches in the world who haven't. But *Ishtar* doesn't ask of its audience to believe in Beatty and Hoffman as the down-and-out supporting stars of Rogers and Chalko. It's inconceivable *Ishtar*, rather, isn't acknowledging, it's hammering, and hammering it up to the point where what shows through is the authenticity of the spectacle of women playing lovers.

From that angle then, there aren't two central characters but four. There is someone called Warren Beatty who bears little relation to Rogers, and someone called Dustin Hoffman who equally bears little relation to Clarke. This can be more readily described as the consensus playing against persona, especially as regards Beatty. Rogers is awkward and sensibly never runs counter to Beatty as womaniser; while the cockiness, blarney, readiness to seduce with women, may fit Clarke but not Hoffman (at least in playing against on-star Beatty). Like the audience members who stare with morose apathy at the unbelieveability of the team's nightclub act, a "willing suspension of disbelief" is something *Julius* refuses to engage in, it's this whole shuffling spectacle of (dis)frustration that May is definitely aware of. Hence, the relevance of the Rogers and Clarke case which both opens and closes the film — "Telling the truth can be dangerous business".

The buddy comedy tends to fall out of favour by the early 1970s (although a more or less barely sort through the seventies was the team of Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau). But, of course, the new morality of the 1970s gives cause to re-sharpen the resonance already along new and more daring lines, leaving the buddy comedy to cover the partnership or, more precisely, shift ground — to the police, for instance.

It is in this manner that Jerry Lewis' *The Nasty Peepers* (1963) gains the buddy comedy through the wringer, giving insight into the darker 'chemistry' between buddies: friendship that also involves rivalry, mistrust and back-stabbing.

It is worth mentioning at this time Elaine May's earlier film *Milky And Nicky*, which uses a recognisable team of stars, John Cassavetes and Peter Falk. In a sense, *Milky And Nicky* could be described as a soap-opera buddy comedy which shows what happens when the love of the man finally goes the upper hand. The two central characters are small time boozers and long time friends. Cassavetes Nicky is the winner but out of favour with the mob, and in hiding, while Falk May is the loser, the butt of Nicky's pranks, but the one who is setting Nicky up for a hit. When May asks Nicky, "Do you think I'm fingering you?", to reassure Nicky of his trust, the sad truth is not so much that he is, but that he is going to go through with it to a better conclusion — Nicky barricading the door as Nicky takes the hit on Milky's door step.

Bad as always fingering Lou, King is always fingering Bob, and Bob is always trying to finger Jerry but ends up fingering himself, and Dean fingers Jerry but only to the point where he realises he needs Jerry more than he knew, and again that Jerry needs Dean. *Milky And Nicky*, in this sense, could be about the straightman getting his come-uppance.

*Julius*, then, comes to us via the same route. But if *Julius* does not manage to exorcise the figure of the straightman, it does manage to devalue and demystify this figure.

*Julius* is in that respect three or four moves away from the Hope-Crosby *And Partners* (its closest companion), where it doesn't just involve them, it reassures their union. When the comic hubbolic Adjem character (the Dorothy Lamour of *Julius*), with tears in her eyes, admits by the end of the film to loving both men, there's been a whole reversed process the straightman (and by association the lover) has gone through for her to be able to say that.

"Most guys live lives of quiet desperation. Not us," is something Clarke tells Rogers in summing their friendship. Both are losers, but between them Clarke is definitely perceived as the straightman, and the dominant figure of the two. There are a number of instances which establish this. A running gag early on in the film is where, with each and every proposal or suggestion made to the duo, Rogers follows Clarke's lead by responding with, "Me too". Another scene has Clarke attempting to correct Rogers' pronunciation of "schmuck", which he pronounces "smuck". And, not only is Clarke the womaniser, he is also the deconstructer — it's he who assumes the responsibility of deciding whether to take the booking in Moscow over the less lucrative deal in Hong Kong.

But it's in the nature of this film to be somehow self-effacing. The sequence which precedes Clarke's decision is an extraordinary flashback which begins by fading out with Rogers, and concludes by fading in with Clarke. It seems Clarke is always taking the lead, and taking it away from Rogers. The flashback, however, reveals an important aspect of their friendship — a scene has Clarke on the ledge of his apartment building in a futile suicide attempt just after his admission to Rogers that he is really a failure, even with women. Out on the ledge, Rogers physically takes support of Clarke, but explains, "Don't you understand it takes a lot of nerve to have nothing at your age? Most guys would say, 'The hell with it'. You say, 'I'd rather have nothing than settle for less'." End of flashback, and Rogers and Clarke are Moscow bound.

If Clarke is the deconstructer, Rogers is the logician and the one who provides the union *à la* Rogers. Rogers explains why women are readily attracted to Clarke: "It's because of your size, ever heard of a tall sports car?" This is because of the shared material, and it's this kind of resonance which makes sense, most emphatically for Clarke rather than Rogers, for Clarke must still suffer the indignity of realising he is a loser.

We can divide *Julius* equally into its New York segment, on the one hand, and, on the other, its labour segment,

and if we can propose that the New York segment is dominated by and belongs to Clarke, then the labour segment must certainly belong to Rogers. A central scene occurs after the pair are duped — by Adjem's revolutionary group and the CIA — into taking to the desert with a blind camel! The scene repeats the central gag as the pair stand in the wide expanse of the desert, a CIA helicopter demands for the kill, but when the pair finally realise what's happening, Clarke, in desperation, complains about the camel. "He'd rather just sit there and get shot!" Rogers replies, "Actually, I kind of admire that." To which Clarke adds, "Me too." That, in the film's subtle manufacturing, is it actually Rogers who has taken the lead, is further reinforced when he happily confirms, "That ain't living lives of quiet desperation!" as a scared CIA assassin attempts to meet by the pair armed and fighting back, and this time with Adjem at their side. If both are losers then they're also both winners, hence the importance and condition of Adjem's admission to loving both of them is the condition of deconstructing Clarke's confidence — not bringing him down necessarily, but raising him to Rogers' level. That, a film that can say you're a winner even if you're a loser isn't all that bad, even if it took \$90 million to say it.

It's ironic, however, that within the terms outlined, it's Rogers that buys a



GHTAR: Hoffman, Beatty and the blind camel

and leads a blind crawl into the desert, but then again, when Clarke collapses in the desert, a swarm of vultures looms and prances around him — said that for a man without neckties in Hawk

## Blackie Capone

**BLACKIE** Directed by Harry May. Producer: William Roedy. Associate producers: David J. Marston and Nigel Reed. Screenplay: David J. Marston. Director of photography: William Roedy. Editor: Robert G. Brown. Music supervisor: Paul Satter. Music: John Strawn. Cast: Warren Beatty, Liza Fajnzylber, John C. Hoffman, Chuck Connors, Judith Sargent Jones, Anne, Charles, David, and Len. Released: April 1980. Distributor: Fox. Running time: 110 minutes. Rated PG. Produced by Company Pictures. Distributor: Fox. Released: April 12, 1980.

## • FULL METAL JACKET

Stanley Kubrick and *Full Metal Jacket* with Mick Jagger singing "Paint a Picture" in the final credits roll. Only then does he become clearer that men destroy each other when they deny the female in themselves. From the first image of the new recruits being shorn of hair and individuality we watch the breakdown of American boys and their reconstruction into killing machines on "the Island," the Marine Corps training gulf. At one stage the recruits march around in their underwear, a rifle in one hand and their genitals gripped in the other, chanting, "This is my rifle, this is my gun, one is for killing, one is for fun." The links between sex and battle have rarely been as explicit.

Gunnery Sergeant Hartman (Lee Remick) drills the platoon to Marine Corps songs which set up the whole war machine:

Mama and Papa were lying in bed  
Mama rolled over that is what she said  
He Cht Mada is a son of a bitch  
Got the blue balls, crabs and the seven year itch

The connection is made visually when the film's narrator, Joker (Matthew Modine) and fellow recruit Cowboy (Brian Browne) are mapping out the soldier's black "joker" cards. "I want to stick my rifle in your meter. What do you take in trade?" Cowboy: "What do you got?" Gun to bullets being anyone on the rifle range. In the second half of the film, Joker meets Cowboy in Hue, and Cowboy says, "Greeting any?" Joker: "Only your meter." Cowboy: "Well better my meter than my mother."

The cinematographic first hour of the film has the generic pallor of all total institutions — prisons, asylums, hospitals and military training camps are all physically interchangeable, as by basic belief and archetypal of violence.

The symmetrical second half of the film follows Joker into the purgatory of the Tet offensive, in the burning city of Hue. Kubrick here forsakes the lush and psychedelic colours of the tropics for washed-out, neoncast, grey tones which are the same drained colour as the bodies of the dead.

Joker, detached and archaic, wears a peace sign and his helmet bears the words "Born to kill". An annoyed colour demands an explanation, and Joker tells him that it stands for "the quality of war. You know, the Jungian thing."

The duality which both Joker and Kubrick live in that while condemning the brutality of war, they are fascinated by it. A war photographer in Vietnam was asked why his photos seemed so glamorous. He replied that trying to take the glamour out of war was like trying to take the glamour out of sex. The camera is attracted to action, not to philosophical arguments.

As the disturbing images of war are also an aesthetic treat, so too the poetic profanity of Gunnery Sergeant Hartman is both brutal and funny. He denigrates a recruit with his inventive and we laugh. "You think attitudes [the old people fuck] — I'm going to nip your balls off if you can't control the rest of the human race."

We do not see a woman in the first half of the film. The only references to women are absent. In the second half we meet three: two are prostitutes and one is the sniper who kills Lieutenant Doc and Cowboy. We only discover the sex of this angel of death in the penultimate scene of the film, when she is wounded. Joker shoots her to put her out of her misery. We see his face twisted in orgasmic rapture as he pulls the trigger. Out to Marines marching past the bloody backdrop of Hue, singing out Hartman's Marine Corps ditty, but the Mickey Mouse Club theme song. "Come along and join the fun with all the family." Viewover from Joker: "My thoughts drift back to the great honeymoon fuck with Mary Jane Rothmanski."

By concentrating on war as *Ernst* denied, deformed and deformed, Kubrick has little room to explore the wider political issues. His men interview with a film crew covering during a lull in the battle to make a few pounds. The soldiers spot the cameras and yell, "Vietnam the movie. We'll let the gods play the leaders."

John Wayne is the point of reference, hero of countless Saturday afternoon as the movies that is one of the black Marines complains, "We got killed for those people and they don't appreciate it." Joker grins at the warriors back home and explains, deadpan, "I wanted to go to Europe South East Asia and meet interesting and stimulating people and kill them. I wanted to be the first but on my behalf to get a confirmed kill."

Vietnam has shared filmmakers to make use of as drama. It was the first fully televised war, and its images are rooted on the modern consciousness, but a decade after the Vietnamese army declared the American war useless, filmmakers are still trying to come to terms with the subject. *The Deer Hunter*, *Apocalypse Now* and *Platoon* all continued

the sequence but were ultimately disappointing. Kubrick and all that needs to be said about Vietnam in *Full Metal Jacket*. In *Full Metal Jacket* his final purging shot of invading men takes us back to Hue. Bodies and the lines of soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, marching to their deaths, ranks unswerving.

In *Full Metal Jacket*, the Marines stride to perfection, with the sounds of Walt Disney on their lips and the thought that the dead know only that it is better to be alive. As the US falls towards another war in Central America, Kubrick offers only the dogmat of a letter day Central.

Compiled Thomas

**FULL METAL JACKET** Directed by Stanley Kubrick. Executive producer: Don Putter. Associate producer: David J. Marston. Producer: Philip Hutton. Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick. Music supervisor: Robert G. Brown. Director of photography: Douglas Williams. Editor: Martin Hunter. Production designer: Angus Foss. Music: Edgar Allan Poe. Cast: Matthew Modine, Brian Browne, John C. Hoffman, Charles, David, and Len. Released: April 1980. Distributor: Fox. Running time: 110 minutes. Rated PG.

## • RECENT RELEASES

### A Supplementary Guide

#### November

There For The Road (Village Roadshow)  
Mistake (Hoyt)  
Heart Colonial (Penguin)  
The Squares (Fox Columbia)  
Lady Beware (Village Roadshow)  
Evel Dead 2 (Hoyt)  
Body Men (Penguin)  
Cherry 1080 (Village Roadshow)  
The Living Daylight (UHF)  
Back To The Beach (UHF)  
Hearts Of Fire (Village Roadshow)  
Hamburger Hill (Penguin)  
Who's That Girl (Village Roadshow)  
The Last Emperor (Fox Columbia)  
Big Stone (Village Roadshow)  
With Love To The Person Next To Me (A&E)  
The Festival (RCA)  
The Magic Topping (A&E)  
The Right Hand Man (Grosser Union)  
Mama Don't You (Grosser Union)  
Kawback (Hoyt/Penguin)

#### December

Space Balls (Hoyt)  
Jaws: The Revenge (UHF)  
A Night On The Town (Village Roadshow)  
The Princess Bride (Penguin)  
Harry & The Hendersons (UHF)  
Revenge Of The Nerds 2 (Fox Columbia)  
Dark Eyes (Hoyt)  
Louded Part 6 (Fox Columbia)  
Phone, Trance And Automobile (UHF)  
Three Minutes From The Train (Village Roadshow)  
Keep The Blooded (Village Roadshow)  
With You Were Here (Grosser Union)  
Paul Anka (UHF)  
The Family (A&E)  
Sawyer School (UHF)  
Kiss Kiss And Bob You (New Vision)  
The Good Father (New Vision)  
Salvation (New Vision)  
Tommy (RCA)  
The Black Canyon Incident (RCA)  
Belly Of An Architect (Hoyt/Penguin)  
Sagittarius IV (Hoyt)  
Made In Heaven (Village Roadshow)



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# SHORTS CI

WE have survived the white man's world and the forest and the house of a life. WE have survived the white man's world and you know you can't change that.

So wrote Bert Williams in *Aboriginal Mission* and the driving force behind the band that sang those words. No Flood Actions. They are words that seem appropriate to *How The West Was Lost*, a documentary that advances a struggle in the Pilbara in central Western Australia, that has won Aboriginal people the first look in on "the white man's world," while using the best that would have to offer.

Indeed, it is this fact that Aboriginals took industrial action and withdrew their labor from cattle stations in 1946 that makes the film a remarkable testament to the people who were involved in a campaign for humane working conditions and their own dignity.

Central to it all was Don McJannet, a sympathetic white character who once took a black person to hospital and thus earned the respect of the Aboriginals. He led the campaign, cycling hundreds of kilometers in to organize meetings of workers in outstations so that strike action would be coordinated and preventative in a word, democratic.

By using a combination of dialogue, interviews and extensive newsreels, the film puts a major industrial event into the concrete history of Australia. And this is necessary for in Australia that is generally ignorant of history, particularly the history of remote regions and the native inhabitants. It is a film that tries to do justice to the issue and the people, a people whose values have little in common with the dominant respectability of middle-class Australian capitalism and whose history and culture is cast rather than written.

Director David Noonan, who has worked with Aboriginals before on the film *Two Lines*, was aware of this burden. His conflict within a country that usually doesn't care — a country where a film about Aboriginals is made knowing that audiences will be minimal, response meagre and impact negligible. Such a film, such a concerned documentary, is better discarded in a campaign film. But if it is a campaign, it is one fought with intellect and these are clearly evident in *How The West Was Lost*.

If Aboriginal culture is primarily



HOW THE WEST WAS LOST: Gides Jimmy Matthews and Billy Thomas point out the strike leaders.

will have it to be filmed? How is the significance of objects, words, relationships, the protocols of Aboriginal life to be perceived? This is something that Aboriginal filmmakers can best present to European Australians. This significance, in substance, is the daunting absence in this bold film from the five western movies of the continent.

The narrative line in the film is adequate, but many elements are left unexplained. Take for example the press of small children teaching children as white in Aboriginal dialect, a wonderful demonstration in the face of State Government plans to teach only English writing to Aboriginal children in state-run schools. And all this in a school run by Aboriginal people for themselves.

But what is the impact of teaching Aboriginal writing when the culture has previously been so ill?

On another level, what is the impact of capitalist relations on the Aboriginals that led to the strike in the first place? Was Don McJannet really doing the best possible thing by the Aboriginals and their culture by passing on to them his skills as a propagandist, after they were on strike? (The probably yes. The film by describing the working lives of the Aboriginals, contrasts the prevailing stereotype that Aboriginals are incapable of work in a market economy.)

Unfortunately it is difficult to see beyond to their conditions within the film. If they were asked what

wasn't passed, it would open up the possibility of much deeper analysis on the events in the film and of what has happened in this country to Aboriginals and their history.

Noonan spent a large amount of time working with the people who appeared in the film to work final cut. He took editing machines to the Pilbara where a consensus on the content of the film was reached. This would be interesting material to show an audience as part of the film itself. This negotiating in the present, is as important as the storytelling of the past.

Clearly it may be said that it is what is suggested how a film could have been made. But history is not only a narrative of the past. It is the historiography as well, that is

the exposure of how the story is told in the present.

It is possible that the film attempts to enter into this exposure, with its title located approach to the material, where these voiceovers reading reported governmental documents that appear on screen. Don McJannet's voiceover together with interview talking heads shows Aboriginal people being interviewed. Super 8 footage from the past, shot by white cinema personnel, is juxtaposed with the events of 1946, the contrast between the small scale filming of the strike (Aboriginals and the large scale "big and loud" method used by the companies that took over the Aboriginals' mines).

But the contrasts between all these images are implicit, taken that reported as interrogated, and the content, in fact the overall movement and clarity of the film suffers in a result.

The fact that Noonan made the film in co-operation with the Aboriginal people is important and gives the project added legitimacy. It gives the Aboriginals a chance to tell their history in a different way from white Australians, using what Australian methods.

Perhaps the film's major contribution, though, is that it raises questions about the more "historical" documentary filmmaking, and the very history it seeks to describe. And the band played.

You can't change the definition of my land, You can't tell me what to do, You can't break my spirit by putting me down, or taking things that belong to me. All song lyrics by Don Williams, reported with permission in *Southwest Voice*, by Ly Ltd.

Marcus Brown



HOW THE WEST WAS LOST: The Gidley community re-enacts the 1946 walkout.

# RECUIT

Two not so nice little old ladies in a mouldy beige who still lives with his grandmother, a barmaid, Black Mountain, a blinding burglar and a gang of bikers. In chest and dent their way through Ricki Bart, a comedy that restores faith in the light gag.

The hapless Billy has just wheeled home another dropped bike that promptly deposits all its oil onto the bedroom carpet. "Look, Gary," the barmaid "Cass like that?" But Ruby, celebrating another birthday with her cronies Lil over the moon, orange cake and a few beers, is unimpressed. "Look as fat as the last one," she crows to Lil. "I never went, and neither did he!" What she really wanted for her birthday was a radio.

Out in the alley in a classic slapstick race, a champagne burglar hides \$5,000 in the back of a radio and sneaks it in a hole in the fence — right between the legs of the bewildered Billy. Cass's birthday doesn't get a look in as Billy passes it to his friend Herb Coad, the local bayer and seller of stolen goods. She tells it to Ruby. The burglar comes looking for his money and taps all Cass — and there is an Everyone, including the local bikers, head for Ruby's, for free, plus \$5,000 on the last leg, and the lower one is later to wit, but with this bunch all losers that could mean anyone.

The Ricki Bart characters have more a trick, and neither does the comedy. The intricate plot is fast-paced and well sustained, the slapstick impressively motivated. Some well known faces of the Melbourne comedy circuit feature. Tim Kelly as the comical but generous Billy, Jean Kilgus as the cool but determined young crook Dave Swann collars a mean Leader Of The Pack, while Brian Henderson plays a mean pool player out of character as a particular trait to watch. Maria Florence and Jane Melville in the out-there roles are wonderful, the smoothest operators of all. It is refreshing for a film that couples bawls with grimmers to take to character rather than make of cake role reversal stereotype.

Attention must be made all the art director Roger Curren, who transformed a bare Board of Tiles to house in Brunswick the former occupant had just gone to jail into a thoroughly convincing grandmother's house, complete with letters wall-hanging in the kitchen and paper-bag scenery in the back garden.

Some understated editing, and additional accident music, since the film was first screened at the Melbourne Exhibition in 1936 have restored a certain sluggishness that was evident then and although Charlie Searford, writer and director, says these changes are minor, they have turned Ricki Bart into a terrific short film instead of a good one.

It was a happy Sunday morning, England, 18-year-old Joan, and he was just about to go for a walk to see if any Zephonias Zephonias had moved into the neighbour-hood when he spotted Cassio, the next door neighbour's bull terrier, bellowing home alone. This meant Mr Henderson must have fallen asleep somewhere again, and Joan, instantly appeared at Mrs Henderson's door to enter the fee of \$3 an hour and a film Tim to find him.

Locally instantly in John Armstrong's Looking For Speed, things start jump cuts and a major soundtrack by Urban Principio to make the action even faster, as Joan and the single life Henderson go looking for a real live something that led to earth Joan, who played by young Jaye McDermott, seems to be a shared housewife diagnosed as a child in a hole-in-the-wall — the wonder \$7.50 an hour out of Mr Henderson for letting him come on an expedition, asked by a special pair of glasses. More impact and colour and movement is provided by John Rice's animation. Coloured sparks fly from the wheels of Joan's skateboard when he demonstrates to Nina (she turns it when I call her Nina) the effect of letting a wheel be personal. And Joan, leading through Carlton, has an "unwanted" conversation with a girl who explains that a coin had a dog and only passed by, but was eaten by a giant. The film.

Plot and subplots both provide laughs as the "spacey" Nina and Mrs Henderson discover that shopping the pyromaniac to the hall makes it go as fast as a VB, and that their own search for Joan and Mr Henderson is forgotten as they drag custom cars around the city. For Henderson, makes a wonderful transformation from fastidiously housewife to drag queen.

Set sooner or later the spotlight must be casted (the lens was to describe this film is to patch its lens) and when the spotlight is obviously unattested, it looks remarkably like a cheese grater.

Perry Hayward

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## OVERVIEW

What's new in video censorship and video releases? PAUL KALINA looks at the parliamentary committee examining video censorship, and previews some of the latest titles in the video stores.

**IF YOU'RE 16, you're old enough to see it!**



**MY MOTHER—**  
"I tell her Mother only because I don't know what else to call her!"

**MY FATHER—**  
"We were always close because of the future—he says they just drop it!"

**MYSELF—**  
"All I know is that mother was I do it wrong!"

**A grown-up motion picture for grown-up emotions!**



**TEENAGE REBEL**

With George C. Scott

**GINGER ROGERS - MICHAEL RENNIE**

THE GREAT ESCAPE - BOSS OF THE YAKS

THEY SAY I'M A REBEL - BETTY LEE KORN - MISS BRANCH - DAVID EGGENS

Starring GINGER ROGERS - with BETTY LEE KORN - MISS BRANCH - DAVID EGGENS

Produced by GINGER ROGERS - Directed by GINGER ROGERS

SINCE its inception the video market has been consistently affected by the fluctuating moods of censorship.

In 1983, only 47 feature films on video were registered with the Censorship Board, but by the end of 1985 this figure had rocketed to more than 5000 imported video tapes. The boom-market nature of the video industry has thrown on the assumption that it was cater for the tastes of the widest possible audience. While the libertarians point out that the democratic principle of video viewing should allow adults to make their own decisions about what to watch, the inappreciative and easily accessibility of video has caused much concern about potentially 'harmful' material when it can be viewed by children and minors.

In 1983, a system of censorship was proposed that would, in the words of the then-chair censor Janet Stockland, "ensure maximum freedom for adults to see what they wished in the privacy of their homes — and, at the same time, give guidance to consumers as to what they were buying or hiring — as well as place limits on what could be openly displayed or sold to children."

The aim was for a uniform and voluntary system that included a further 'X' category for sexually explicit non-violent material, while certain material, such as child pornography, bestiality, and instruction manuals for weapons, would be refused classification.

But by June 1984, the voluntary system was replaced by a compulsory system, while some states made it clear they would not abide by the proposed uniform system. The Commonwealth Government set up a Parliamentary Committee on Video Classification in August 1984. This committee has been superseded by a Joint Parliamentary Select

Committee on Video Material, which has been sitting for more than 2½ years and which was, at the time of writing, expected to hand down its report shortly.

The committee is comprised of 11 members, chaired by Dr. Richard Klugman (ALP, Victoria), and includes conservatives such as Tasmanian Senators Shirley Walters (Liberal) and Brian Hernandez (Independent) on the one hand, and Victorian Labor Senator Olive Zachary on the other. According to Klugman, the committee has garnered submissions and evidence from various groups all over Australia. "My own view," he said, "is that much evidence has been given by people who don't know the guidelines [of censorship]." He points to the difficult distinction between explicit sex and violence in the 'X' classification, pointing out the anomaly that the 'TV' rating does allow for depictions of rape. "From a rational point of view, it's difficult to see why violence with implied sex is allowed when it is banned from the explicit set."

Earlier this year Klugman cast doubt on the validity of evidence submitted by the South Australian Council for Children's Film and Television. He claimed that the evidence suggesting a high level of young children watching 'R' and 'X'-rated videos was due to boasting on the part of the children. Though this question of children gaining access to unsuitable material is paramount to the present debate, the off-roads claim of children watching naughty films "in a friend's place" has long been recognised as hard to verify.

In Western Australia, legislation has already been introduced to cover less of the areas under scrutiny by the select committee. All 'R' rated films in video libraries must now be seen to be segregated

ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH? Unsuitable for minors — or a whole lot?

from other films. Though it is not necessary to keep these films in a separate room, the law will certainly upset the organization of libraries in which movies are usually placed according to genre, incorporating 'R' rated movies. Of 2081 videos submitted to censorship in 1988, 582 pursued 'R' certificates, 644 'M', 429 'PG', 553 'G', 134 'X', while 35 were refused classification.

John Strickland, who is presently a consultant to the film and video industry, notes the measure — which will presumably make it easier to control access to 'R' rated movies — is a "responsible view ... in line with Government policy." Joanne Simpson, chief executive of VIDA (Video Industry Distributors Association), is circumspect: "This is the best situation that could have occurred given the circumstances that proved," she said.

During 1987, VIDA embarked on a campaign aimed at reminding both the public and video retailers of censorship and their respective responsibilities. Kits, comprising stickers, posters and stands with clearly-worded explanations of what each classification means were sent to video shops throughout Australia. Under prevailing laws it is an offence for a video retailer to lend an 'R'-rated video to an underage customer. All advertisements for videos must include the censorship rating.

As many libraries — especially the smaller ones — lend tapes in boxes other than the distributor's, both cassette cases and display boxes must be labelled with the film's title and rating. Apart from pinned tapes, it is impossible to borrow a legitimate tape in Australia without the viewer's awareness of its contents and censorship rating.

This pertains to the 'X' classification as well, which is only available in shops in the Territories, and through mail-order services operating in the AGT. John Lark is president of AVIA (Adult Video Industry Association) and manager of one such distribution company. He claims that these tapes are sold directly

## JOINT SELECT COMMITTEE ON VIDEO MATERIAL TERMS OF REFERENCE

That a joint select committee, to be known as the Joint Select Committee on Video Material, be appointed to inquire into and report upon the operations of the Customs (Censorship) Films (Regulations), Regulation 4A of the Customs (Prohibited Imports) Regulations and the AGT Classification of Publications Ordinance 1983 in relation to videotapes and videodiscs and/or videocassettes.

- (a) the effectiveness of such legislation to adequately control the importation, production, reproduction, sale and hire of violent, pornographic or otherwise obscene material;
- (b) whether the present classification system, as applied by the Film Censorship Board, is adequate as a basis for import and/or sale controls;
- (c) whether video retailers are observing the conditions of sale of film or video material classified material, particularly in relation to children under 18 years;
- (d) whether 'R' rated videos should be permitted to be displayed for sale in a store in the same area and side by side with 'G', 'PG' and 'M' rated videos and, if not, what restrictions should be imposed on the display of 'R' rated material;
- (e) whether Regulation 4A of the Customs (Prohibited Imports) Regulations is adequate in identifying categories of prohibited material, and operating effectively in preventing the importation of videotapes/discs falling within the prohibited categories;
- (f) examine the extent to which videotapes/discs containing pornographic and violent material are available to the community in general;
- (g) whether children under the age of 18 years are getting access to videotapes/discs containing violent, pornographic or otherwise obscene material;
- (h) whether the AGT Classification of Publications Ordinance, 1983 should be amended to make it an offence for persons publishing or hiring videotapes/discs classified above 'R' to allow entry to regularly permit children to view such material;
- (i) whether the sale, hire, distribution or exhibition of film and videotapes/discs that would, under existing laws, be considered as classified above 'R' should be made criminal;
- (j) whether cinemas should be permitted to screen for public exhibition material classified above 'R', subject to prohibition from entry of persons under the age of 18 years;
- (k) whether films which would merit a classification above 'R' are being produced in Australia and if so whether Australian men and women are adequately protected by existing law from pressure to watch such films; and
- (l) the duty of video shops, especially children, to display to violent, pornographic or otherwise obscene material.



CRIMES OF PASSION: Is the X censorship standard changing?

to the public, not retailers, and that birthdates, telephone numbers and drivers' licenses are used to check customers' ages. As these tapes and other sent COD, identification must be provided when the tape is collected. Lark says, "It is not a small market and cannot be swept under the carpet. It is an industry that needs to be internally policed and controlled." First, he maintains, cannot happen if it is outlawed. As a timely example he points to current legal proceedings against a dealer allegedly trafficking in unclassified tapes who faces severe penalties of \$50,000 per tape.

According to Dr Paul Wilson, assistant director at the Australian Institute of Criminology, the film of 'X' rated video accounts for a mere seven or eight per cent of the ACT market. He mentions in a newspaper report that the field-core video incorporating violence were not getting through the system. He is quoted as saying that there was to "obviate criminological or psychological evidence" to demonstrate that exposure to sexually explicit material produced measurable harm to society.

In its submission to the Senate Select Committee, the Institute of Criminology asked "It is the view of the Australian Institute of Criminology that the available evidence cannot be said to establish in general terms a causative link between 'pornography' and media violence on the one hand, and sex offences and violent offences on the other. The statistical data are too flimsy and the intervening variables too numerous."

It is generally agreed, however, that the primary focus at present is on the level of violence permitted in films bearing an 'R' rating. Recently, Attorney-General Lionel Bowen said, "I think the community is probably more worried about 'R' rated films than 'X' rated films at the moment because there is more violence in the 'R' rated films."

The committee is being closely monitored by the Film/Video Coalition, whose

members include the Motion Picture Distributors Association, VIDA (Video Roadshow Corporation), Greater Union Organisation and Films for Holdings. Its submission to the committee was made at the height of a concerted media campaign that spawned to link recent atrocities such as the Hoddle Street killings to popular movies. In particular *Rebco*. It is prefaced by concern "that the Video Committee... will be swayed by the more emotional messages emanating from those minority groups who believe that a more restrictive censorship regime is the panacea for all of society's ills."

The Film/Video Coalition has carried out a survey of 3000 adults into public attitudes to censorship classification, which it claims is the most comprehensive of its kind in Australia. Of total survey respondents, 67 per cent want either current censorship to remain unchanged or would prefer less censorship; 31 per cent favoured more censorship; and 12 per cent had no opinion. Interestingly, "Those in favour of more censorship and who were able to correctly identify films as being an 'R' classification represented only 13 per cent of all people surveyed."

For her part, Stockdale opposes increases to levels of censorship, and believes that 'X' material should be available in special sections of video shops where its access could be controlled. On the committee's recommendations she says, "I suspect that there will be a reduction of violence in the 'R' classification. This may filter to other classifications." (She believes that more stringent labelling and marking of cassettes will also be recommended.)

The real worry, she admits, is that films presently with 'R' ratings could be labelled or cut to 'M'. Apart from the commercial repercussions this would have for distributors, the Film/Video Coalition's concern is that films such as *The Deer Hunter*, *Ran*, *Shogun*, *Crimes Of Passion* and *Shogun Dogs* would be affected. It is a concern shared by many



The Terror

## ON VIEW

TRADITIONALLY, the video industry tries its 'big guns' during the Christmas season. This year it started when CBS-Fox Video shipped more than 31,000 copies of *Crocodile Dundee* to video outlets in the middle of November. It has already become the biggest selling video in Australia, easily eclipsing the previous record of about 20,000 copies of *Top Gun* and *Back To The Future*. The Australian video rights were negotiated through a deal with 20th Century Fox, which secured foreign theatrical rights to the film — excluding all North American rights, held by Paramount Pictures. Interestingly, the video distributor has already forewarned that the megahit will become available as a collectible in 12 months time, though it is highly likely that this will happen "unofficially" as soon as demand in stores drops and

retailers sell their excess copies to customers.

Following its theatrical outing earlier this year, Paul Cox's *Cactus*, the saga of the relationship between a blind collector of cacti (played by Robert Menzies) and a partially-blind French woman (Isabelle Huppert) will have a video release through Premiere. The New Zealand film *Mr Wong (Crystal Screen Entertainment)* will screen at Cinema in 1985. Despite coproducer and co-writer Gaylene Preston describing the role of a woman who buys a hearted car as a "whimsical thriller and a ticking bomb — no sex, no violence, it's basically about fear and the victim/conditor relationship." It is Preston's first feature following a background in cinema. Super 8 movies and producing and directing the documentary *Making Ubu*. And finally, on the local front *Rebco* (CBS-Fox) makes a

very hasty segue from television screen to video library. Produced by the Australian Children's Television Foundation (with the assistance of the ABC, the AFC and Film Victoria), the 32 "issues" comprise locally made live-action shorts and animation, and will be released on six cassettes.

While the auction guaranteed that the past year's best-known films will be released to video — such as *Platoon* (RCA-Columbia-Hoyt), *Alien* (CBS-Fox), *Children Of A Lesser God*, *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* (DIC-Tel), *The Color Of Money*, *Gothiques Fatales* (Disney) and *Unfulfilled Desires* (Warner) — the Christmas spirit will also be represented by the sequel *Silver Light*, *Deadly Night 2* (Palco), New Line's younger brother *Ruby's* turn to kill, kill, kill. The film, like its predecessor, is distinguished by a ban from *Queen's* state censorship board. "This is one Santa story you won't want to tell your kids," gleefully boasts the publicity blurb.

Like *Re-Armstrong*, *From Beyond* (Warner) is based on a story by H.P. Lovecraft and directed by Stuart Gordon. It is described in *Monthly Film Bulletin* as "a richly lush-toned carnival of invention" wriggling with fun. (Shogakukan, a touch of cannibalism from the *Living Dead* series, a leftover terrorism from *Dune*, a sprouting desecration from *Alien*, together with a few ancillary of flying jaws, amorphous flesh, and obscene liquids. "Joe Bob Briggs, the infamous 'drive-in movie critic' from *Grease*, Texas, would probably suggest you check it out.

As usual, there are a number of films that have bypassed the cinema circuit: *The Atingler* (DIC-Tel), in which Bangles singer Suzanne Hoffs makes her film debut, is directed, produced and co-written by her mother Tamar Simon Hoffs. Recent and vintage rock'n'roll features prominently in this production right party film which harks back to the style of 1960s beach party film. Daniel Petrie produced and directed *Square Dance*

(Roadshow) with Rob Lowe, Jane Alexander and Jason Robards. Emilio Estevez makes his directorial debut in *Wicked Women*, which he also wrote and which he describes as a modern-day *Robin Hood* tale about a strong-willed petty criminal who "decides to be a criminal for the people." Co-starring with Estevez is Demi Moore. With all these films it would seem that the casting of stars with a misquoting value is no guarantee that they get released in local theatres.

Though nearly a year separates their production, Blake Edwards' two most recent offerings *That's Life!* and *Black Dahlia* will arrive simultaneously in video shops. Described in *Video* as a film that is "personal virtually to the point of being a home movie", *That's Life!* (Warner) was written by Edwards and his analyst Milton Wexler. Josh Lammson plays a degenerate architect who, on the eve of his 60th birthday, nervously awaits the results of his wife's biopsy and contemplates the work of Speng. With a cast comprised of the director's friends and family, it was made on a very low budget under the last original film color. In contrast, *Black Dahlia* (RCA-Columbia-Hoyt) sees Edwards at work with a traditional Hollywood score of mismatched romance and a love-filled plot that serves to unite them separate. The unlikely couple Unwin, but occasionally hilarious, Bruce Willis plays the guy who seems to have it all together, with Kim Basinger as the selfish sloth counterpart — until, that is, the tables begin to turn.

Cedric Belfrage turned director Elaine May wrote and directed *May and Her* (Seven Keys) in 1976. According to Leonard Maltin, it spent several years in the editing room. Peter Falk, John Cassavetes and Ned Beatty are cast in the story of small-town heads and their teenage childhood friends. Made about the same time and finally due for release is *The Tower* (DIC-Tel). Director and writer Roman Polanski cast himself in the horror film, made during a slump in his career.

Most worthy viewing without commercial interruption is

Nicholas Ray's sombre and bleak *A Lonely Place* (RCA-Columbia-Hoyt), a mournful lament on Ray's troubled relationship with Hollywood. He cast Humphrey Bogart as the poor screenwriter accused of murder and introduced in a lurid romance with Gloria Grahame (of the time Ray's estranged wife), claiming "I took the gun out of Bogart's hands." Thankfully, the film is in its original state, which is more than can be said of *The Angel And The Duck* and *Otto Preminger's Saint Joan* (Both CEL), two new casualties of colourisation about to be released on video.

Shot on 16mm, ostensibly for theatrical release, *I Live With My Dad* (CBS-Fox) will debut on home video during January. This *Dreaded Production* is directed by Paul Meloney from a script by Peter Pinney based on the short story by Derry Moore. The story of a six-year-old when the epileptics went to serpents from his vengeant, heavy-drinking father features Peter Heller and Hayden Samuel as the father and son, Dennis Miller, Rebecca Ghann, Robyn Grimes, Gus Mercurio and Adam Storm. *Watch The Shadowed Dance* (Crystal Screen Entertainment), produced by James Varnon and Jan Tyrell and directed by Mark Jaffe, also debuts. Set 15 years in the future, it concerns a group

of children who invent "The Game", which becomes a free life and deadly-anxious encounter.

Other recent and forthcoming arrivals in video libraries worthy of mention are *Detour* (Roadshow), director Walter Hill's mighty return to form in a raunchy hybrid Western, *Bette Gordon's* enquiry into a woman's ambiguous involvement with pornography in *Verity* (CEL), Ingmar Bergman's 1982 German production *From The Life Of The Anonymous* (Crystal Screen Entertainment) and the recent historical hit *More Love* (RCA-Columbia-Hoyt) from director Neil Jordan. Gary Sherman's 1972 British film *Dead Line* (Warner) has been recently released. This film — which has also appeared in a bastardized form as *New Moral* — warrants several mentions in *Robin Wood's* books *Hollywood From Moscow To Reagan* and *The American Nightmare*. In the former, Wood discusses the film's account of cannibals preying on travellers in London — the film is set entirely in Russell Square Station — as a metaphor of the war experience in which the younger generation is corrupted by the post. Elsewhere, the film is discussed as the most recent embodiment of the *Deviant* myth.



More Love



## THE BULL, THE BEAR AND THE GORILLA

The New Zealand film industry's reaction to the stock market upheavals of October/November, which saw the Bull give way to the bear, was to *Send A Gorilla*.

This first feature project for the Pacifica Company of producers Gordon Macfadyen began on schedule at Gordon's real, even though the investment climate was beginning to ferment over, given a \$NZ12 billion write-out of New Zealand share values during those disastrously nervous initial weeks.

Macfadyen, who has moved into independent production from a marketing background at the New Zealand Film Commission and the Colson Group, is not dissuading the budget of her "amateur format comedy".

But the confidence evident among crew and cast during the seven week shoot was a sign of the accuracy of the package she has put together with Harry Pearce Television (EST), the film commission, and Television New Zealand.

For 75 per cent of the budget, EST has world rights to this second feature of Melrose Reed (*Prize Meat*), who also is credited as writer.

The industry has not watched entirely unamused.

While it is generally agreed the production arm of the industry is unlikely to be greatly affected in the months ahead, loss of investors is

given as reason for delay of a new Geoff Murphy film.

Producer Don Reynolds, an executive director of Mirage Entertainment Corp (MEC), had hoped to get Murphy's *The Passionate Man* rolling on 7 November. He has since set about choosing an alternative plot involving an offshore party to fund the project.

Although he had no new story date at the time the option was written, Reynolds is confident the production will get under way.

MBC flopped in August and is the only New Zealand film production house publicly listed on the New Zealand stock exchange. It incurred slight buffeting at one point during the money days when a parcel of 25-acre shares was sold off at a low of 15 cents. Says Reynolds: "Our shares are at the heads of so few people that we have not been heavily affected."

MBC completed the main shoot of Larry Parr's *A Soldier's Tale* in northern France in late October, and reports late business even "over \$NZ1,000,000 worth of sales" — for product it was shooting at the October Melé in Milan.

Macfadyen says *Send A Gorilla* will be ready for the Cannes market in 1986.

"Who knows what will be highly successful? But when someone tells about this story it that it made me laugh a lot. It

contains characters and scenarios I can relate to and is set in an area or culture of a city that could be anywhere."

Shot on location in and around Wellington, the scene opens one day in the lives of Vicki, Jay and Claire, who work for the Send A Gorilla Singing Telegram Company. The day is Valentine's Day.

As well as coping with personal complications of special variety, the Kew chorists must sing telegrams at a restricted rate of one every 25 minutes in order to fulfil their contract.

Featured actresses are Perry Parry, Katherine McKee and Carmel McElroy. The large cast of named performers includes John Callan and Larry Tapp.

With a reputation as a feminist filmmaker, director Reed moves from suspense (*Prize Meat*) to high-society comedy with *Gorilla*. One of her aims is to give actors the opportunity to take their characters right to the edge of "verbal" comedy situations, stretched to the limit of credibility, yet believable and enough likable to the audience.

Macfadyen wonders when asked the style of the film, and then mentions *My Darling Clementine*, *Letter To Brecht*, and the Canadian film *I've Heard The Maracas*.

A shared metaphor, she believes it will do the kind of business — "as much if not more" — asposed by Geoff Murphy's *The Quiet Earth* which she landed when working for Gibbons. It will cross the top grossing New Zealand film to be released in the United States.

The share market shakes appeared to offer no obstacle to the takeover of Kerridge O'Brien Corp, one of the country's two film exhibition giants.

Before the Black Tuesday on Wall Street, one of New Zealand's youngest and most aggressive entrepreneurial companies, Peace Pacific Corp, bought the 50 per cent British-owned Bank Organisation interest in KO, with 27-year-old David Phillips becoming its new chairman.

John Kerridge, younger son of the company's founder, the late Sir Robert, resigned as group general manager for film and video, although remaining a director on the board.

During the early weeks of plunging share values, Peace announced it was seeking the remaining Kerridge and Williams family interests in the

entertainment conglomerate, and later confirmed it had received acceptance bids to make in the group to more than 90 per cent. The value of the group, as measured by the takeover, is about \$NZ150,000,000.

The recent Peace purchase constituted a marked change of approach among KO executives, representing a more aggressive approach to the distribution and exhibition of film by what the executives themselves acknowledged as "the sleeping giant." KO owns and operates 37 cinemas throughout the country with 15 others spread in partnership with New Zealand's other major chain, Amalgamated Theatres.

New film distributors are also joining the New Zealand market with Australia's Filmcorp Holdings setting up here in association with Endeavour Entertainment Corp, a production company that includes John Barrett, producer of *Prize Meat*, among its principals.

These developments are important for the production side of the industry and new movies like *Send A Gorilla*. Conceivably they will lead to the faster delivery of material to audiences and more concentrated provision of New Zealand-made films with filmgoers here and, perhaps, across the Tasman.

Film commission chairman David Gascoigne is confident he has crossed one of the post track record of the two exhibition chains and their slight reticence in exhibiting offshore productions with track records that effectively need no special promotion within New Zealand.

He says it often has been difficult to convince either chain of the merits of exhibiting a particular New Zealand film, and the special promotion that film will need to make any it gets to the audience.

As a consequence, the commission in 1983 is in commission to exhibition aspects of the New Zealand film industry, to see what it can do to improve the availability of local films in local markets.

This could involve making seen of money available to publicize films made under its aegis, as happened last in 1987 with Barry Barclay's *Utu*.

In this context, Gascoigne says, the commission is already talking with the changing guard as to what it to become Peace Kerridge Corp Ltd.

Alida Nicolson





# FUJI

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# THE SHOWSCAN

Celebrating *Us* is a panoramic documentary short made for the first Australian 70mm Showscan system. FRED HARDEN talked to the crew and found out about the fear and leashing, as well as the satisfaction, that came with the project.

## BIGGER AND BIGGER

Even with the advances in high-definition video systems the image quality obtainable from film is still much greater. That may be why in the face of these threats to its supremacy the process that is known as "cinema" continues to develop, but it is more likely, I believe, film is only now starting to deliver its full potential. These improvements in equipment and film stocks all affect the content and creative applications of the filmmaking process. In the pursuit of quality and in the godlike attempt to re-create the life outside our glorified auditoriums, filmmakers have stretched the size of the screen and the film itself. Big pictures and big negatives have a lot of detail, and the last for ultimate film image quality has pushed the motion picture into some strange directions. After the hype for the early ultimate 70mm systems — Todd-AO, Super Panavision, and the Ultra-Panavision 70 — had died down, it seemed that we had gone about as far as we could go and still left the spool onto the projector. There are some 70mm showscan cinemas but 35mm is still the preferred practical projection format.

## 70MM, IT'S HOT

The practical considerations are important. The widest color motion picture print stock that Kodak makes in commercial quantity is 70mm. As a production medium however, the film stock and cameras for 70mm aren't actually 70mm. It is actually 65mm wide, using a free-perforation pulldown, with perforations vertically spaced as they are on 35mm film (as one concession to the laboratory handling an dual 35/65mm processors). When this is printed onto the projection release print that extra 5mm leaves room for magnetic stores and surround sound tracks. Showscan takes this same area for an even higher quality image, and

synchronizes the audio from compact disc.

Not content to leave it there, and working with the same physical parameters, there is a part Australian-designed system called Imax that uses a special camera with the 65mm film turned on its side and then printed the same way onto 70mm to give a negative 52.65mm high by 70.41mm wide. That's almost three inches wide and the limit for slightly different Dimaxcam systems require specially built projectors with custom designed transports to shift that huge floppy frame through the gate. The Imax theatres have highly curved surround screens, great for short documentary "My God, not down-the-collaredoor" type presentations in schools and theme parks.

## FASTER AND FASTER

Douglas Trumbull has been using 65mm film for special effects work in films from 2001: A Space Odyssey and the first Star Trek movie through to Close Encounters Of The Third Kind; the masterful Blade Runner, up to his present work. For optical effects work, the large negative helps to maintain finer grain before the final reduction to a 35mm release print.

As well as working with the big 65mm negative, he was involved in experimentation on decreasing the perceived flicker of film projection by

increasing projection speed. Even the cinema standard 24 frames a second projectors use multi-bladed shutters to flicker each frame twice to push the rate over the point where the brain accepts the images as continuous. With a lot more frames presented on screen something special happens in the eye and brain that smooths out the intermittent light and dark process that is the basis of our art. The images look sharper, grain almost disappears, and motion blur is reduced. Trumbull found an optimum point running at 60 frames a second, and developed his Showscan system.

He patented the process, found financial backing and there are now a number of Showscan theatres across the USA and Canada. The first Australian theatre is scheduled for Sydney and is due for completion in early 1996.

The Sydney company Holograph Pty Ltd, in association with Look Films, was commissioned to produce the program for its first screening and it was through associate producer Will Davies and cinematographer Peter James that I first heard of the project. As the film and theatre was to be part of the NSW Bicentenary offering there was a bit of "Yes we can talk about, no we can't" while showing was going on. What did come through were

the stories of quite incredible technical problems.

## MAY YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING LIFE (old Chinese curse)

The shooting began with a Showscan-modified 65mm Panavision camera in December 1988 with Peter James as director of photography and Andre Fleuren as second camera. Having been warned about camera problems by the Canadians who made the Showscan film for the Expo in Vancouver, the company catered for by assembling a package of two complete camera systems (and later a third body) and entrusting local camera technician Rob Hunter from Sarnuelsons.

The problems began to be noticed immediately. The rushes were initially projected at 24 fps in OLCU's new theatre complex in George Street. A camera shudder problem was detected and Rob Hunter and Sarnuelsons started the last of many weeks of work on both of the cameras. Because they were covering unspectatable events such as the Sydney to Hobart yacht race, the production continued with the headship of a turnaround time of almost 10 days for rushes from the MGM lab in Los Angeles.

By the time they had exhausted all the repair possibilities and found a replacement camera, Peter James was unable to finish the film because of commitments to another production and Andre Fleuren continued as DOP.

I had to wait until the end of the shoot to talk to production coordinator John Wiley and Andre Fleuren. Although they had finished shooting, editor Nick Holmes found that the problems that had plagued them were not quite over. Just as the article was finished they returned from Vancouver, where the cut workprint was projected in the cinema that will be a model for the Sydney one. After the long haul of the production



ACTUAL SIZE: The 70mm film

# MUST GO ON



ON LOCATION: Showscan at work.

they had some more positive comments to make and I have added those to a behind-the-scenes story that, as the dante says, was "interesting" (And not without its share of local involvement.)

## THE SHOWSCAN EXPERIENCE

I asked the director John Wooley why Showscan was chosen over the other available big screens systems. "In the planning stage, an interest was expressed in Showscan and Imax. So I went to the States to check it out and, having seen both, I thought Showscan was better. The quality is better and I prefer the theater—it is not as radical as the Imax theater. The Imax has a radically tilted audience seating arrangement. You have to turn your head to see all the screens, and I found that I didn't enjoy the experience. I felt that I was too close to the screen. When you look at the Showscan screen it takes up your full field of view, so your eyes are moving constantly

across the screen but your head doesn't have to move. I feel that it concentrates your attention better."

As Wooley explained, improving the experience of the viewer is the most important factor in Showscan. You don't just talk about the screen, but the whole cinema because it is all designed as one piece. The angle of projector to screen, the relationship of the seats to the screen and the angle of view are all calculated carefully. It's a single viewing machine that you sit in and it all beautifully worked out so that every seat in the house is a good seat.

Learning what does and does not work on the Showscan screen was an important part of the process but it was often overshadowed by working around the physical restrictions. Because of the spectacle nature of the eight-screen presentations like Showscan, where shows run for a long time before audiences become saturated, there are only a few short programs available for study,

and they do not fit the kind of film that Wooley wanted to make.

"I was very scathing about the early films when I saw them, because cinematically they are unambitious. They start every sequence with what's basically a studio set up, on a sort of life raft, then launch off the Mark II for two or three strokes then go back to it. When you look at the film it is basically 50 per cent studio set up from which you depart briefly for the Showscan experience then jump back to the studio. Someone will say 'Where are we now?' and you go on to the next scene. Mind you when I tried to shoot the bloody thing I developed a great deal more sympathy and understanding."

"We started out," Wooley continued, "thinking we had a firm idea of what it was going to be. After a while there was what on a better day, you'd call 'feedback' from the system and that really blew the original intentions to pieces. We found it almost impossible to shoot material.

It is hard to believe that anything is impossible nowadays but, for example, you can't shoot anything with a fluorescent light or video screen in shot. Because of the frame rate, they strobe and flatter badly. We tried to shoot in a currency dealing room in a bank and it was unusable because of all the computer screens in the place, and even then we had to pump an enormous quantity of our own light on it. It's quite unbelievable, just to do a set up of two girls near a piano you were lighting it as if you were lighting a stadium to get any depth at all."

And depth is so terribly important because everything has to be in focus, you can't even use half the techniques that are commonplace in filmmaking. Like having hard focus on someone walking past in the foreground and let the rest of it go. Because Showscan is so sharp wherever anything is out of focus, it's like your eyes have better!"

This requirement for absolute focus affected the



options available to the director of photography, making things we take for granted in 35mm impossible to do. Andre Fleuret explained that he couldn't use any diffusion and had limited his effects to grade.

He was concerned that "because shooting with normal 'teety' tall ups was so difficult, we worried that we wouldn't get the shots that everybody expects you to get with 35mm. Because the audience is so spoiled with 35mm, where you can almost get anything you want, they would be upset if they couldn't have had the same sophistication. But with Showscan, the normal 35mm support systems aren't there. Just physically rigging the camera is difficult. If you want to put it on a helicopter you have to make your own rigging. The same if you want to put it on a plane, or underwater: everything has to be redesigned. Because the camera is so big you design something as small as you can so that you just fit it in, or say, the Jet Ranger. Then when we changed cameras the dimensions were different again."

#### CHANGING CAMERAS MIDSTREAM

The camera problems and breakdowns were part of the whole Australian Showscan production story. Bolts would shear, screws come loose and the replacement parts always had to come from America. The major loss of the first months of filming, however, was due to a fault in the Panavision equipment that cannot be explained. As John Weiley said, "It is a mystery. The most common theory we had was from Rob Hunter from San Francisco who said that because the camera had a pellicle between the lens elements and the film plane, the pellicle was vibrating in sympathy with the camera and that was somehow scattering the light to the anamorph."

"Everyone has their own description of how it looked, but it was just unsharp. The delay in seeing our rushes didn't help. It takes about three or four days to get a rushes report from the US lab and they are pretty expensive. It takes about 10 days in all for the rushes to get back here, and because the lockdowns are so scattered for this film you were never in the place where you shot it when

you got the rushes. You go out, try and see through the warhead which is pretty poor anyway. You expose the film and need it away and two weeks later you find out if you've shot something.

"It's a tough way to work and I've made documentaries for the BBC for a long time. In some out-of-the-way places. Often you are trying to shoot film and as responses to what you've already done. You are trying to build it in your head as you go along. In instant places you weren't seeing rushes but then you could simply assume that the equipment was doing its job, and say, well if we shoot this way it will cut with yesterday or last week. With this equipment we had for the Showscan shoot you couldn't make that assumption, but you still had to make it."

The lack of rushes feedback was tough on the DOP as well. As Fleuret said, "As a cameraman you're always guessing in a way, and you can't hold yourself responsible for every little thing in the chain but in 35mm and 16mm the chain is so strong and it hangs together, so that you can reasonably predict the outcome. With the cameras we had the chain just drops out, nothing hangs together. We were standing way out in the country in front of 200 acres of sunflowers and we had done one shot and the drive belt just snapped. There was no spare belt, so you just had to go home not only having lost what would have been a beautiful shot but worrying about all the earlier stuff you had done while the belt was failing again."

Because they had lost so much time and so many unique filming opportunities the decision was made that, despite Panavision's and the company's best efforts, they should find another camera. It was not to be such a simple answer to their problems, however.

"As soon as the new camera arrived," John Weiley reported, "we headed off to Broken Hill. Peter Janusz was with us at the time and on the first day of shooting with the new camera it broke down three times. We gradually got it to work."

The functionally poor camera equipment came, he believes, "out of the way the Showscan has been developed. Understandably, all the money and effort initially went into the



SOFT ON BUST: Not Holmes

presentation side, because that's what the buyers and the audience are interested in. They don't care about the crew or location. When Doug Trumbull was trying to get the system going it was essentially the exhibition side of things he had to conquer to get acceptance. The new projects, sound systems and theatres were very well designed. In Vancouver where a show was running ten hours a day for six months they never lost a screening, it was 100 per cent reliable. But with the production side they were depending on cameras that had originally been designed to run at 24 frames a second and supercharging them to run at 60 and they all late it. They scream, blow, whine and complain, they throw bits at you, anything than rather run at 60 frames."

Showscan are now having a few purpose-built cameras made. A prototype has been demonstrated and has been pulled apart to copy and build the first four dedicated Showscan cameras. Weiley and Fleuret both agree they wouldn't attempt to do another film without a purpose-built camera.

The other thing they discovered was that the camera was very noisy. With a laugh Weiley said, "You can hear it clearly a hundred yards away. We wanted to get a sticker for the camera that said 'Turns grass into lawn and change the name of the system to Voca-Vision! We were shooting on Australia Day and Tom Keneally saw us and came up and said, 'Good god, what's going on here, I thought it must be the Bangladesh Broadcasting Corporation'—and here we are at the frontiers of technology!"

#### TAKING STOCK

The filmstock used was the normal Eastman 47 and '84, only it's 65mm wide. Fleuret explained, straightforward, that they shot '47 in broad daylight and '84 when the sun went behind a cloud. No-one knows if the difference in the grain will be noticeable on the big screen with the two stocks intercut. Both Peter Janusz and Fleuret commented on what appeared to be an excessive buildup in contrast on the first rushes, and Fleuret was even concerned whether they really were the same anamorphs that we all know in 35mm.

"The first results we got were very contrary," he said. "It was a shot of maddy on a beach at Byron Bay taken by the sea. A sandy beach with blue sky everywhere and the off-focus side of the face just went so dark. When you see the rushes you think, 'My god this is terrible. Even when you filled it, it would go dark. So I had to look into it. I went to Kodak here and in LA, they did tests and told me that it's all the same. I checked as much as I could the processing at MGM with Colorfilm here—it's hard to try other processing because only MGM and Tokyo do 70mm. Colorfilm said that they believed the processing was OK but the difference at the printing. MGM uses a 'hot' printing system that is a bit harder than here which should add a bit more contrast, but not the enormous amounts we were getting."

"I resigned myself to the fact that it was the lenses which are Pentax soft camera lenses. Still lenses are always more contrasty than specifically designed cine

lenses. Apparently both Cinema Products and Perfection are designing lenses for the system at the moment but until then we will have to put up with the current."

John Weiley is not as worried: "We feel like we are working blind, and one of the factors is that we've never seen the images projected properly with a light source anything like what will be used. So we've got no idea really of what it will be like on the big screen, other than the US films which were shot on the same film and lenses and look great."

[As it happened Weiley was right. The rushes projector gave no indication of how they would look. At their Viewcorder screening the images looked terrific.]

#### SHAKES AND SUPERSTITIONS

"We were told that these were the best lenses," Placere said. "They're the Perfection range of 2½-inch lenses and range from 24mm to 800mm but we soon realised that we couldn't use the 300 or the 600 because the camera shakes so much that you can't get a steady picture. We had to put the camera on a Super Panthead or an O'Connell 300 and we tried a number of times to use the 300mm lens. If you were on stand you could sometimes get away with it but on concrete, forget it. So we used dollybags on the concrete floor and depending on how tight the film is in the magazine you could sometimes accept it. But the very last stuff we shot was on a 45mm lens and it shook!"

"I don't know why it is. Maybe it is the wind of the film that sometimes put extra strain on the camera. It was modified to run at 60 frames but sometimes you see the vibration in the viewfinder or you feel it in your head because your eye is right there and you feel your head shaking. You see the operators moving and think, no this is not right, and it always happens when you are shooting something you can't repeat. The City to Surt, the start of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race, anything that is a 'one'. The camera somehow knows and runs for just two seconds." Weiley adds that, "We've all become very superstitious."

The length limitations in the choice of magazines were

also a frustration. There were two sizes: the 1000-foot magazine which holds three minutes of film or the 300-foot which gives a minute.

Weiley found that restrictive in many situations such as long tracking shots where "the 30 seconds you might use may turn up anywhere in say, 10 minutes of action. You'd roll on an aerial, hit a few bumps and just when the air would smooth out you'd be out of film!" This happened also with the special underwater housing we built for the front of the jet ski to shoot in surf. We couldn't see what we were getting and the guy on the jet ski can only approximate it and with the small mag he had only 60 seconds of film. That 60 seconds might be spent just getting into position. It was really frustrating.

"It spoils you for looking at movies in cinemas and on TV," he continued. "I sit there feeling shocked at what they use. How can they use a shot like that? It's so rough. That shot is out of focus! And everyone else is just enjoying the movie!"

#### HANDLING 70mm

Just physically handling such a large width of film was difficult. John Weiley jokes that when they're asked about what sort of film they're making they say, "Oh the film's very heavy! There's a lot of compo claims from the assistant editor from lifting the films up onto the bench." Each 9000-foot projection reel weighs about 30 kilos and the assistants say that just winding the reel can take skin off their knuckles if they aren't careful. And they try not to drop it!

Even a normal reel spinning in the camera produced a grotesque effect that had major implications for using it in helicopters. It didn't want to move out from its position, and the operator had to fight to lift it the other way.

John Weiley said, "I used to look for the loaders because you've got a roll of film that weighs nine pounds or so that you are trying to get into a magazine that has a quarter-inch tolerance on the edges and you can't tell that you've got the centre right over the sprockets. So you have to just drop it with your heart in your mouth knowing that that roll of film cost a thousand bucks! If you drop it the wrong way it dashes and it's gone because you can't chase the magazine

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“You come back to the production office saying, ‘I’ve screwed up another one!’ Because of the width of the film it is a very susceptible to blurring, and it scratches easily. Fursten said, ‘And it always scratches in the best spot. On one of the US Showscan films there’s a great shot from a flying fox over Niagara Falls and you just get to the middle and there’s this great timeline of a rig stretch down it. It’s there in their film.”

There are other problems caused by the sheer size of the film. The width of film across the gate is greater than 35mm, with the only support on the edges, which means that it is also more likely to bend and sag. The sprocket holes carry more strain so they are more likely to break and there is the added strain of travelling at 80 frames a second through the camera. Thirty-five millimetre film by comparison is pretty tough stuff. Fursten says: “If you got a fresh 1000 foot of film up to speed, especially with the Perseusion, and then you stop but the roll in the magazine doesn’t? It was a real problem with the reels when the camera wasn’t accessible. You had to keep rolling it on to take up the slack or when you started again it would just go where and split!”

## DISADVANTAGES

With all the restrictions placed on them by the system it is surprising to find that they had anything positive to say about the equipment that gave them a creative advantage. John Wiley mentioned that “there are two things that were against us that we have turned into advantages. The first was when we couldn’t even shoot a normal shot in a rain forest, we just couldn’t get the exposure.” The widest shot on the Perma lenses was f2.8, and at 80 frames you are loosing stops, but you must still have as much depth as you can, which means a minimum of about f5.6. Faced with not being able to shoot in shadows or much past sunset they modified a Nikon intervalometer which allowed them to expose at up to eight seconds per frame and the result, Wiley said “has ended up giving us something special.”

“The second thing was that we had to give up the convention that the camera

wasn’t there, that it was an invisible presence. There is nothing less visible or invisible than that bloody camera! So we realised that we would just accept that and make a part of the story. Everybody in the film knows that the camera is there and acknowledges it. And that’s one of the things that is really nice, there’s this real eye contact by the people on the screen with the audience. It is charming and it’s now an essential part of the style of the film.”

## THE SOUND

The sound, Wiley says again, shows up the contrast in the Showscan system. “The sound reproduction in the theatre is probably the best I know to date. It is six digital discrete tracks on Compact Disc and it sounds fantastic. Yet when you are shooting you can’t shoot sound because the camera noise is phenomenal, so we’ve had to create everything. Michael Steinhilber has recorded everything digitally on PCM and the whole sound path of the film will be digital to the compact disc. Roger Savage is putting it together, and it will sound great!”

“It was disturbing for me because with this sort of impressionist documentary you would normally expect to have sound coming out of the people. With the limitations of the machinery we had to find ways like shooting to playback, to get the feeling that you weren’t cut off from the images.”

## EDITING WITH 36-FOOT VIDEO LEVERS

There is no 35mm editing equipment. The procedure used to date was to make stop-printed 35mm reduction print rushes to convert the 80 frames to 24 frames a second to cut conventionally. This means cuts are not frame accurate and it is hard to judge quality. It was also expensive — so the production devised their own method of projecting the 70mm workprint and recording it with a video camera to produce a time-code-displayed cassette that is cut on a conventional offline system. A computer program then releases the code to the film edge numbers.

Editor Nick Holmes said, “Cutting an video isn’t my preferred mode but it is the best we can do. At least we

have looked at a fairly big picture from projecting the 70mm rushes. The Americans and the Canadians who worked on 35mm reduction prints couldn’t see the building and the imperfections until it was confirmed. Even with our shaky projector we can see the technical quality.”

“When I came onto the project my concern was how accurate the transfer to tape was. We have sync marks at the beginning and end of each roll and used a computer program that correlates the timecode to edge numbers. The printout will be in edge numbers to conform the 70mm workprint to the video. When we tested it we found that the result varied with the tension as the take-up reel, the amount of electricity being used in Baltimore that day etc. The speed varied up to six or seven per cent faster or slower. With so much stuff out to music, different shots in a sequence would have been out of sync depending on when they were transferred.”

They decided to get Edison’s Graunig Thakral in to solve the problem. Thakral fired a disc to the projector with a hundred holes in it and an optical sensor system that counted the rotations. This was compared to the open reel of the camera and the voltage going to the projector was altered.

Unfortunately it was too accurate, going out of sync when it shifted just by three-thousandths of a second. Thakral went back to Melbourne for a re-think and came up with the present system that uses only 10 holes. Now it is accurate to about three-thousandths of a second, which is approximately a fifth of a frame and Holmes says “it works like a charm.” The 35 frames of PAL video correspond exactly to 80 frames of film a second, with a not too objectionable blurring or flicker on the tape.

Wiley feels that they will be breaking new ground because the coloring Showscan films are edited so conservatively with only brief excursions into montage. “They are not chains of complicated images as the is, with hundreds of shots. We could not get much information from Showscan about what to do or not do in editing and it is a different game. We are just making assumptions about it on the video, when we see it.

projected we will change things when it is confirmed. We were aware that when it is enlarged on the big screen there is a leverage effect. The apparent movement is enormous and the speed of movement radically increases on the screen so that you have to override your response looking through the lens or when you are cutting and so, I’ll have to make it slower.”

According to Holmes, “I’ve sat and watched the rushes projected so that I’ve got a fair idea of what will work and we’ve got the option to re-cut after assembling the workprint and screening it. When I first started to edit I began cutting much slower to make allowances for the size, but now I’m saying if I don’t work on my sense who is to know if it will work on another. We’re just going for it, if it’s scoring on the TV screen then it is going to be incredibly scoring on a screen a thousand times bigger!”

It must have been an immediate relief to Wiley to have watched the film projected in Vancouver. He described the result as “breathtaking and found that “Our experience was very like that of the Canadians. They too cursed the system every day — until they saw the finished product. Then the pain began to fade and be replaced by something like awe at those huge crystal-clear images. The audience don’t know or care that the camera exploded seconds after the shot, and after a while neither do you!”

The Showscan story deserves to be treated in full. The sound track, projection and theatre are all technically innovative. As I write this I still haven’t seen the result and there is a real concern that the theatre being built in the Darling Harbour complex will not be finished on schedule. Although we may have to wait a few months to see the results, there is one high tech jester who is lining up early for a ticket.

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James Murray  
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## FEATURES

**Figure 1**

[illegible][illegible]

100% 50% 0%

Food category	Food Group
Proteins	Proteins Group
Dairy	Dairy Group
Vegetables	Vegetables Group
Grains	Grains Group
Fruits	Fruits Group
Alcohol	Alcohol Group
Other	Other Group
Food category	Food Group
Proteins	Proteins Group
Dairy	Dairy Group
Vegetables	Vegetables Group
Grains	Grains Group
Fruits	Fruits Group
Alcohol	Alcohol Group
Other	Other Group

**TABLE 1**

[illegible]

**Abstract** The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 12-week, low-intensity, supervised walking program on the physical and psychological health of sedentary, middle-aged women. The study was a randomized, controlled trial. The subjects were 40 sedentary, middle-aged women who were randomly assigned to either a supervised walking program or a control group. The walking program consisted of 12 weeks of walking, 3 times per week, for 30 minutes per session. The control group consisted of 20 women who did not participate in the walking program. The subjects were assessed at baseline and at 12 weeks for physical and psychological health. The physical health assessment included measures of weight, body mass index (BMI), waist circumference, and blood pressure. The psychological health assessment included measures of self-esteem, anxiety, and depression. The results of the study showed that the walking program had a significant positive effect on the physical and psychological health of the subjects. The walking program resulted in a significant decrease in weight, BMI, waist circumference, and blood pressure. The walking program also resulted in a significant increase in self-esteem and a significant decrease in anxiety and depression. The results of this study suggest that a 12-week, low-intensity, supervised walking program can improve the physical and psychological health of sedentary, middle-aged women.

[illegible]

Source: *Financial Times*, 1997.  
 Note: Last 2 days' trading.

Parent company	Brown and Root
Employees	Plains Petroleum
Headquarters	Midland Petroleum
Subsidiaries	Plains Petroleum
Key products	Midland Petroleum
Parent company	Midland Petroleum
Employees	Midland Petroleum
Headquarters	Midland Petroleum
Subsidiaries	Midland Petroleum
Key products	Midland Petroleum

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1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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## FEATURES

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**Figure 1**

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Chief executive officer	Jeff Kinsley
Executive vice president	Michaela Hargrett
Chief financial officer	David Channing
Chief operating officer	Anthony Kinsley III
Chief marketing officer	Julie Langer
Chief information officer	Philip Rosenbaum
Chief legal officer	John Papp
Communications manager	Rayne Allen
Learning, talent	Barbara Sanders
Human resources	Deanna White
Corporate	Alan Weiss
	Ken Weiss
	Ray Weiss
	Chief Compliance Officer
	Barry Lutz
Special adviser	Bob Schuler
Board members	Tom F. Lutz

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Capacity	The Pine Furniture Company
Address	Market Street
Owner	Chas. Smith
Start in	Manufacturing Pine Furniture
Laboratory	Chas. Smith
Large	100 persons
Range	1000
Best Moral Standard	Good Character
Best Standard	Good Character

**Keywords:** child sexual abuse; disclosure; disclosure strategies

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**Wine & Spirits:** 100% pure, 100% natural, 100% delicious. No additives, no preservatives, no artificial flavors. Just pure, natural, delicious wine & spirits. **Wine & Spirits:** 100% pure, 100% natural, 100% delicious. No additives, no preservatives, no artificial flavors. Just pure, natural, delicious wine & spirits.















**Stage** — **John** — **John**  
**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## JUST AUSTRALIAN AIRPLANES

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## BEHIND THE CHALLENGE

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## NEW HOUSING TECHNOLOGY

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## FAIR HAVEN HOME

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## POWER OF THE LIGHTNING

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## ROADS TO KANAKU

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## TALE DANCE

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## UNITED KINGDOM TRADE MARKETS

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## WARRIOR WOMEN

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## GOVERNMENT FILM PRODUCTION

## GREEN ENGINEERING

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## MINISTRY OF HOUSING — STAFF PRODUCTION VIDEO

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSING

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## SALUTY

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## GOVERNMENT FILM PRODUCTION

## NEW SOUTH WALES FILM CORPORATION

## ELIZABETH FIRM

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## INFORMATION MACHINE (1) — QAO-0-0-0

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## INFORMATION MACHINE (2) — PROJECT EARTH

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## INTEGRATING DISABLE CHILDREN

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## LIFESTYLE

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## NEW SOUTH WALES — A CONSTRUCTED TOUR

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## PEPPER TREE LOOKS (CASH CITY)

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## STORE URBAN TRANSPORT

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## 1987 STUDENT PRODUCTIONS

## A F T E R

## ORIENT

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**

## SDN WOODCROFT HASTINGS

**Production** — **John**  
**Director** — **John**  
**Producer** — **John**  
**Screenplay** — **John**  
**Music** — **John**  
**Costume Designer** — **John**  
**Hair Stylist** — **John**  
**Makeup Artist** — **John**  
**Production Office** — **John**















## F E B R U A R Y

- 

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is what I'll get on the screen."



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Director of Photography, *America*.

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